

エロスを買出し紀行 9 芦奈野ひとし

講談社

芦奈野ひとし



アフタヌーンKC Quiet Country Cafe 9 買出し紀行

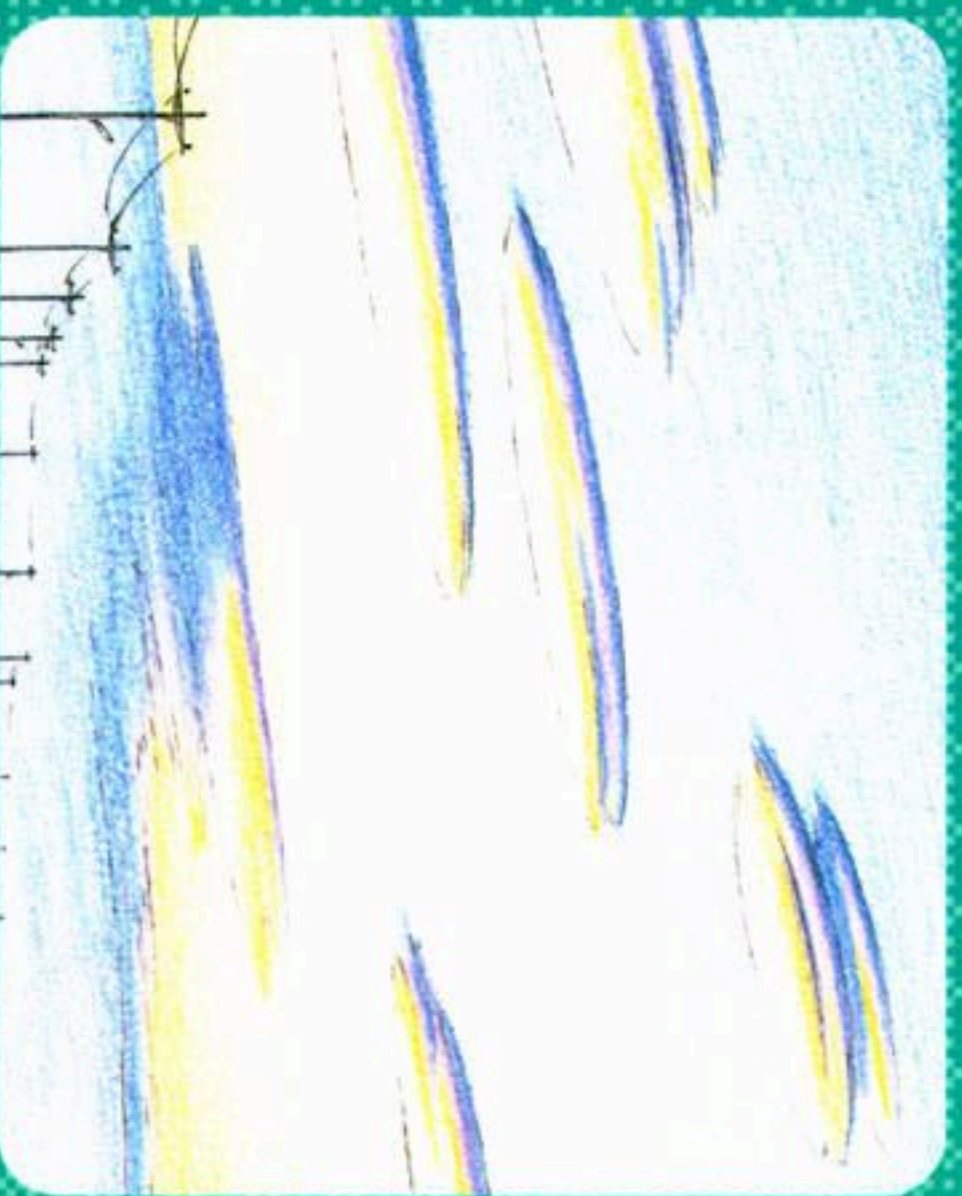
Have you ever wanted to have a record of scents and smells?

"That year, that day, that night's smell..." "That train station's odor"... "The smell of that book"...

If you could save and reproduce sounds and images... If you could share the smells and feelings with someone...

For now, these can only be stored in your memory.

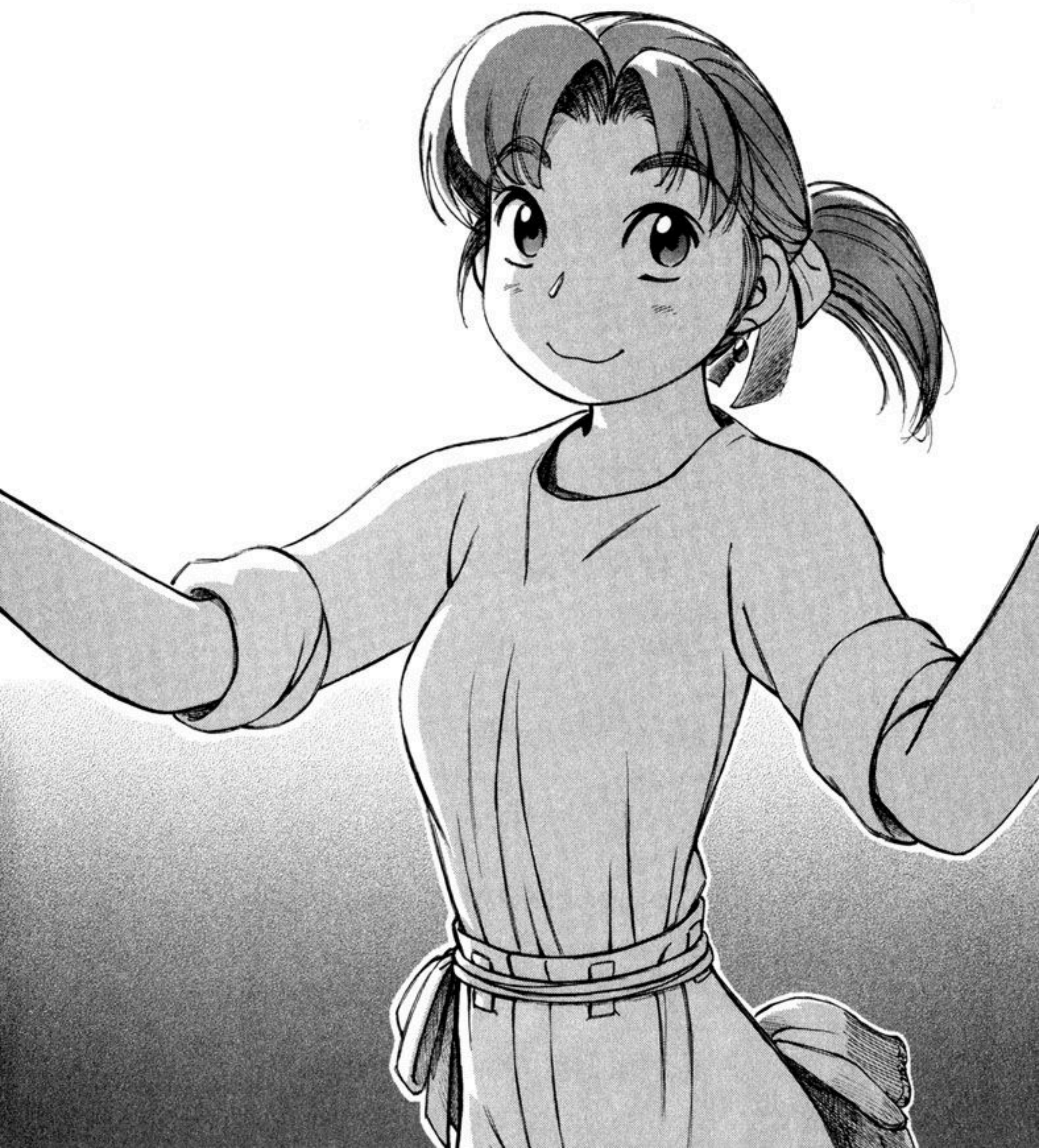
And the only time you can make such a record is when you experience that sense again.



ヨコハマ

芦奈野ひとし

買い出し紀行





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Story 77 (Salt



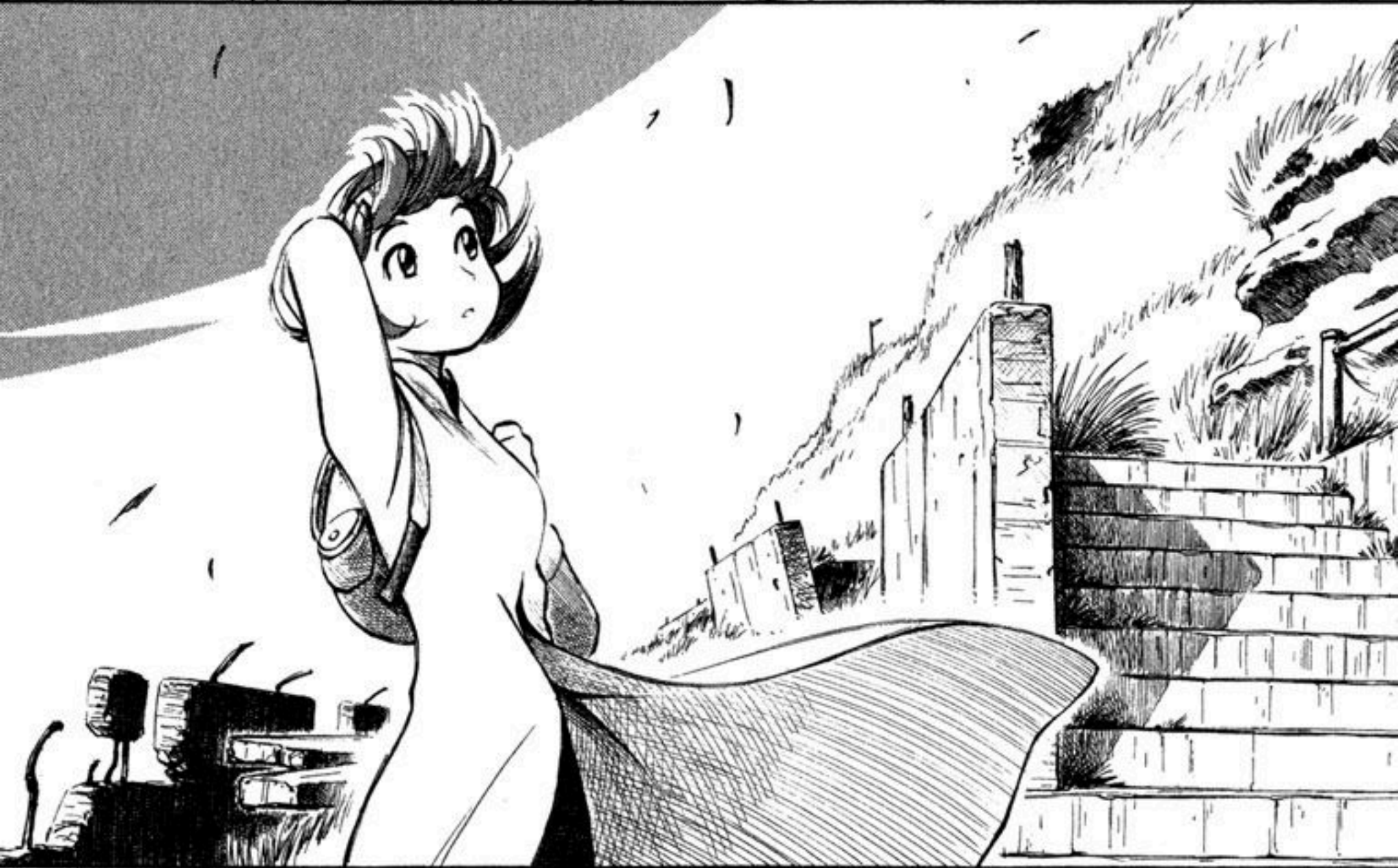




THE
SEA
ROAD.

THE FOSSILS
OF PAST ROADS
MOUNT HIGHER
AND HIGHER,
FLEEING THE
RISING WAVES.



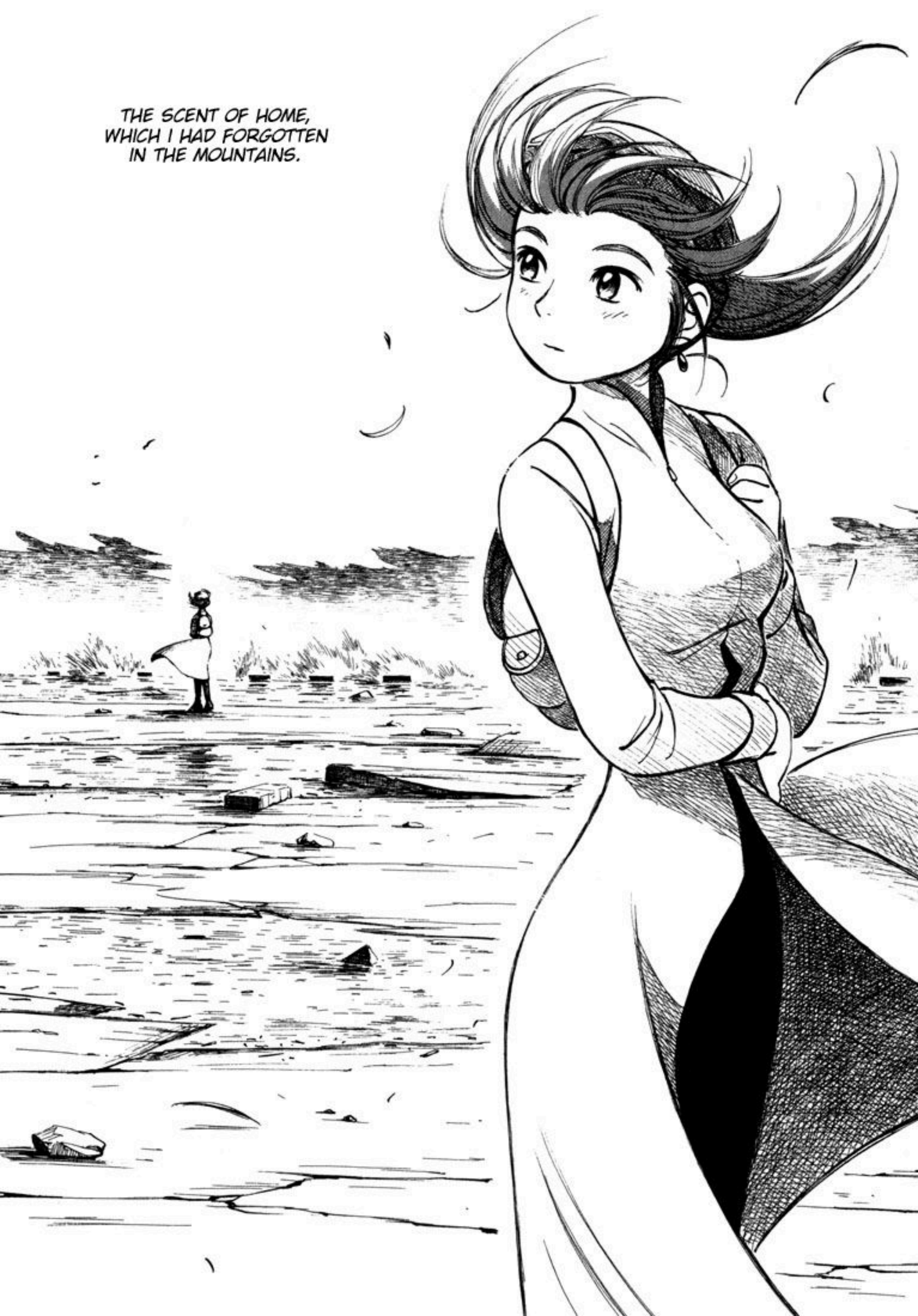


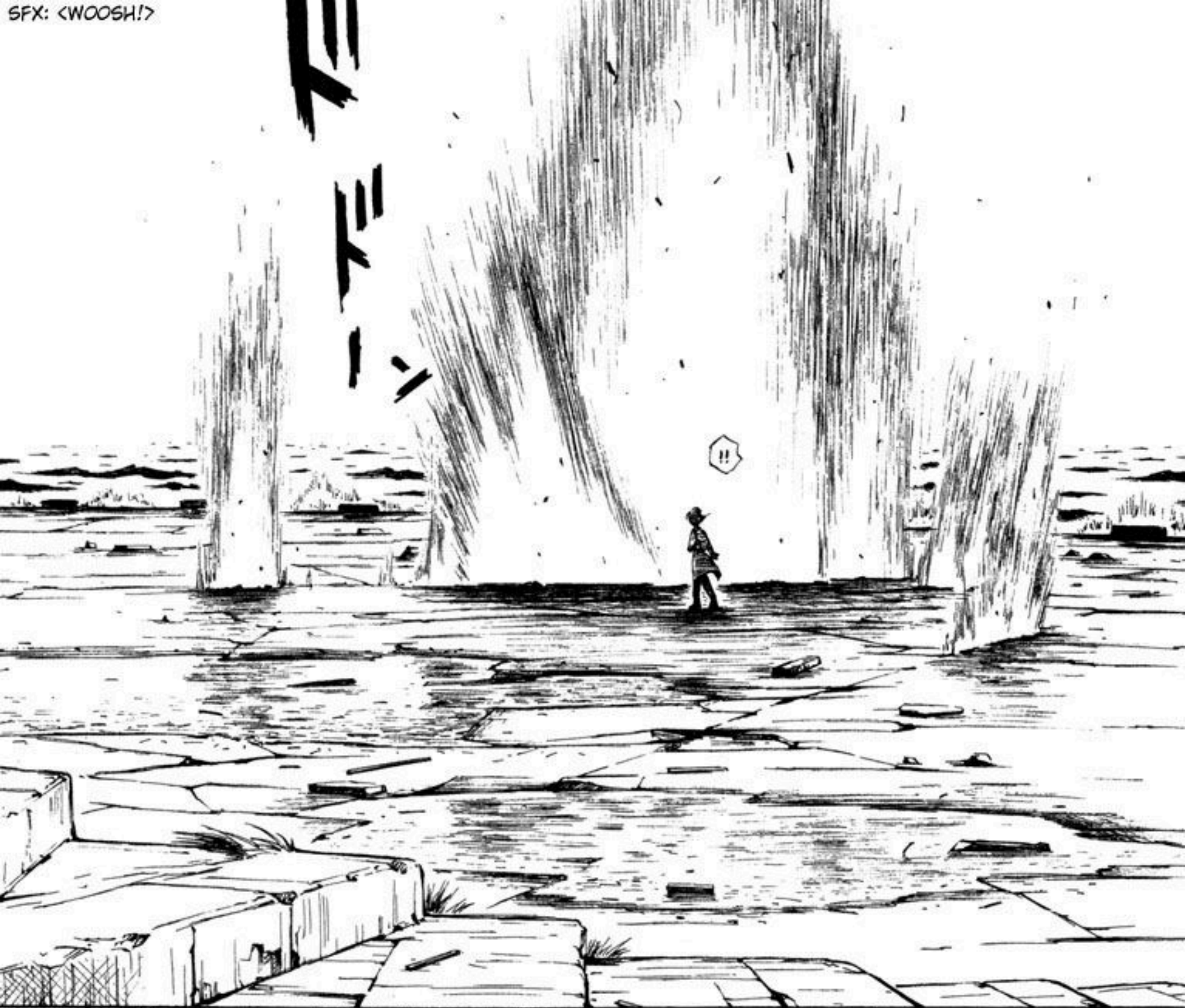


THE SMELL
OF CAST-UP
SEAWEED AND
RUSTY IRON...

SALT-SPOTTED
BOARDS.
PINE TREES.
MINERAL OIL.

THE SCENT OF HOME,
WHICH I HAD FORGOTTEN
IN THE MOUNTAINS.









Story 78 Violet Eyes

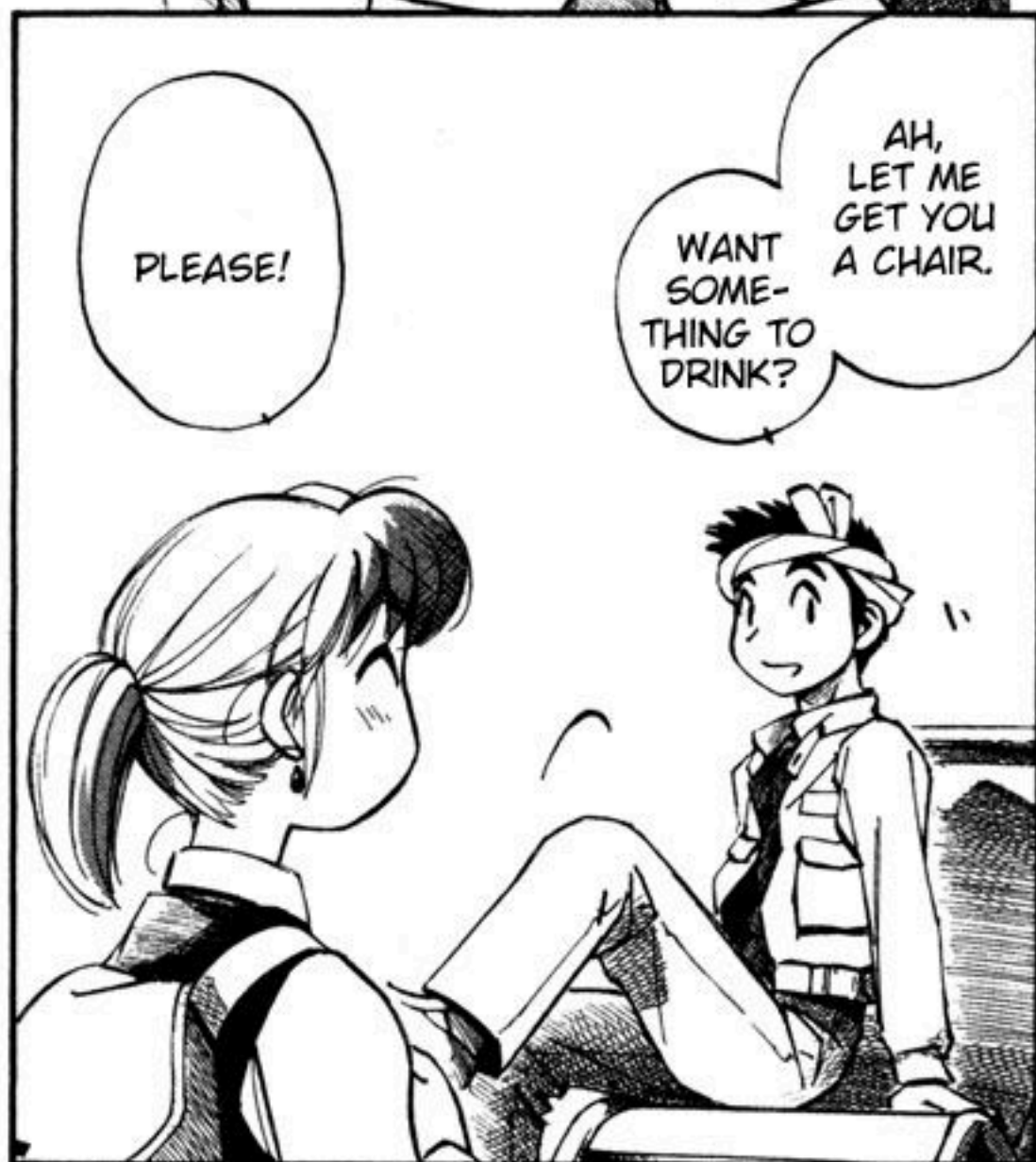


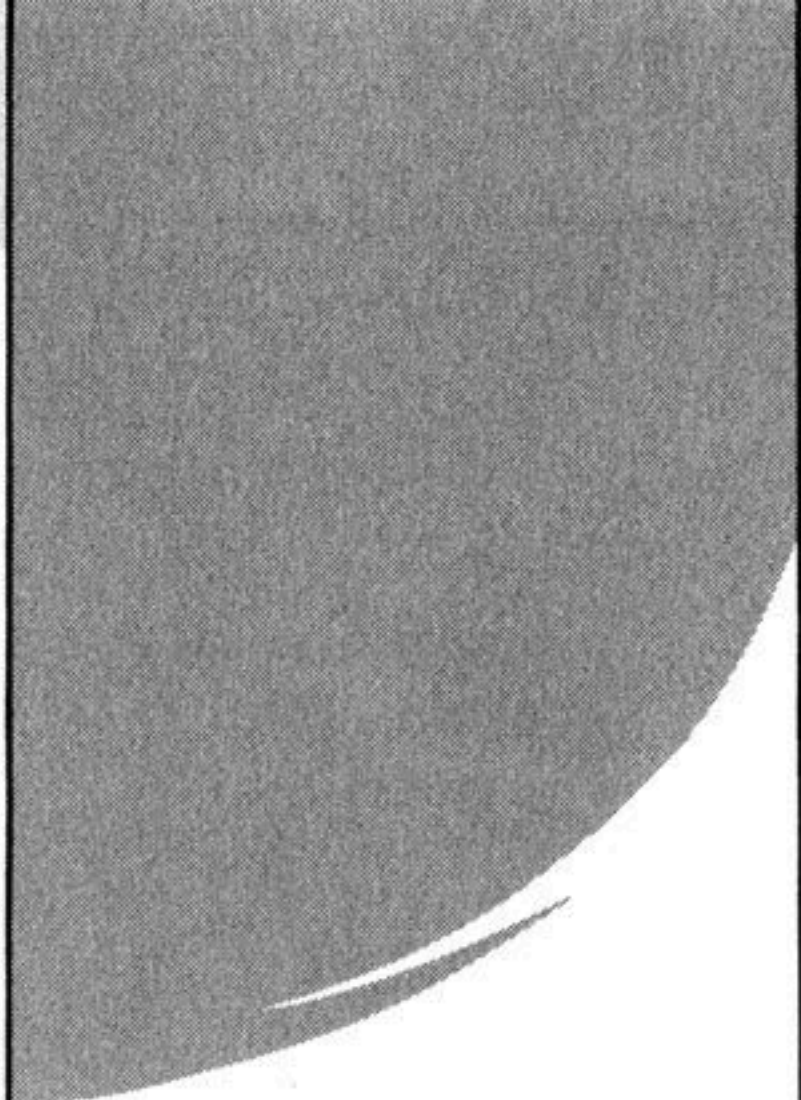


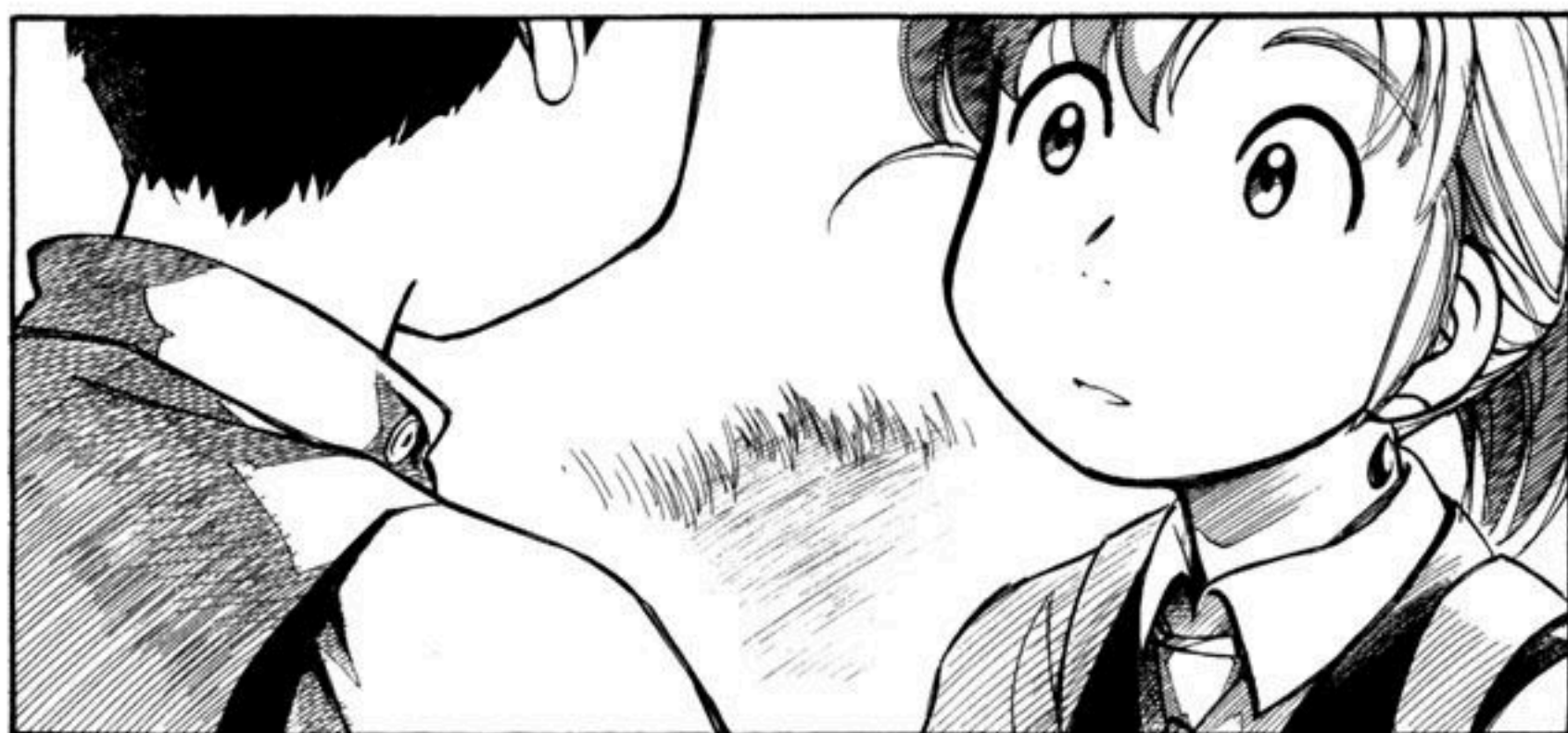
















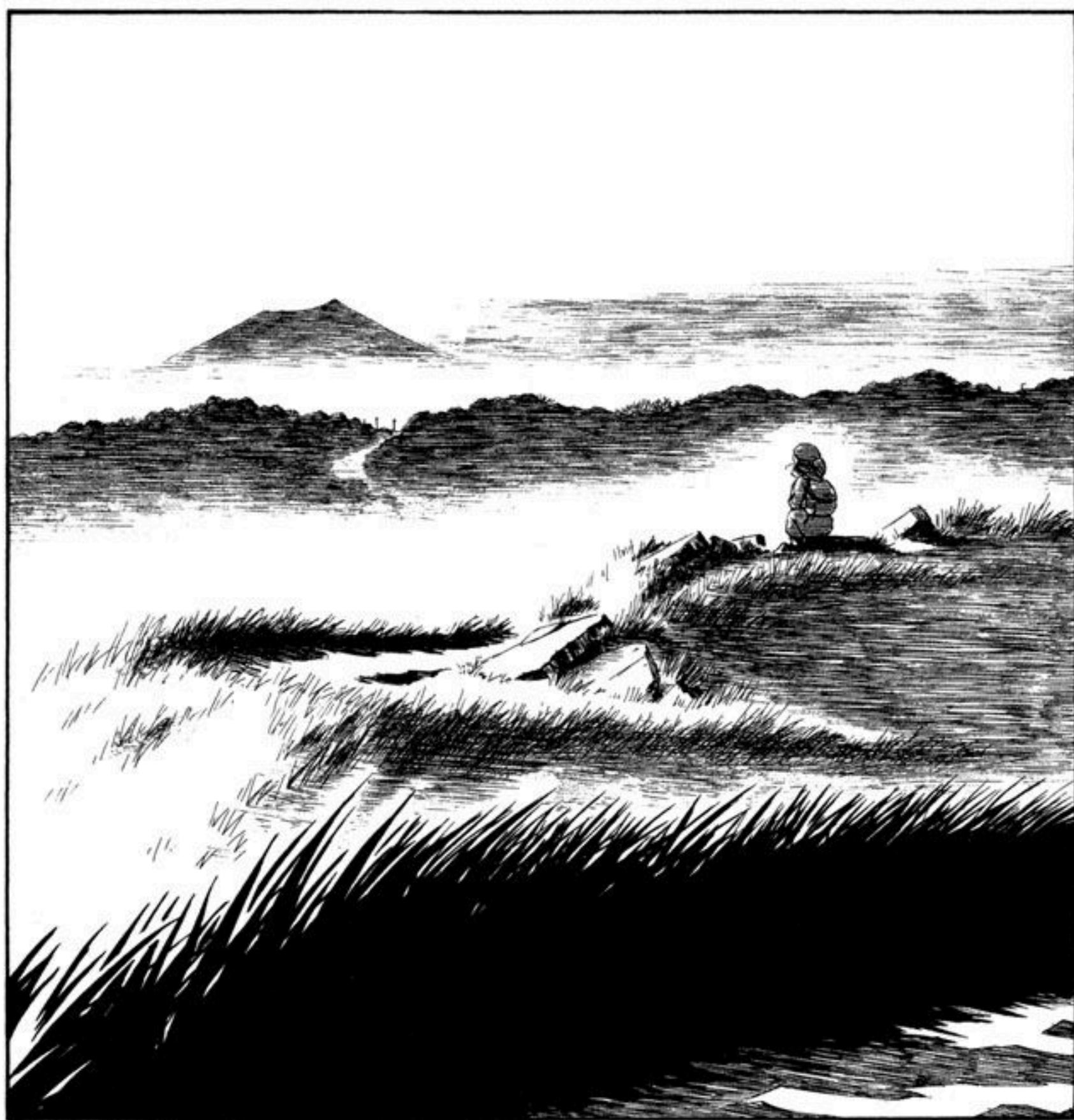












Story 79 *Night of Earth*





I'VE TAKEN MY
TIME ON THE
WAY HOME.

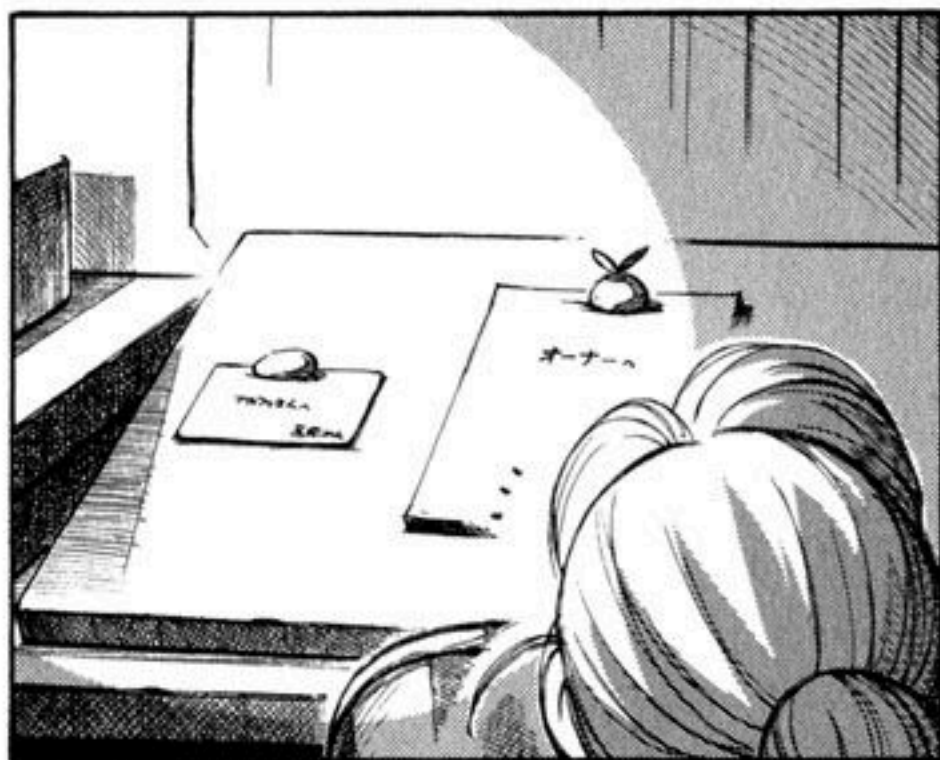
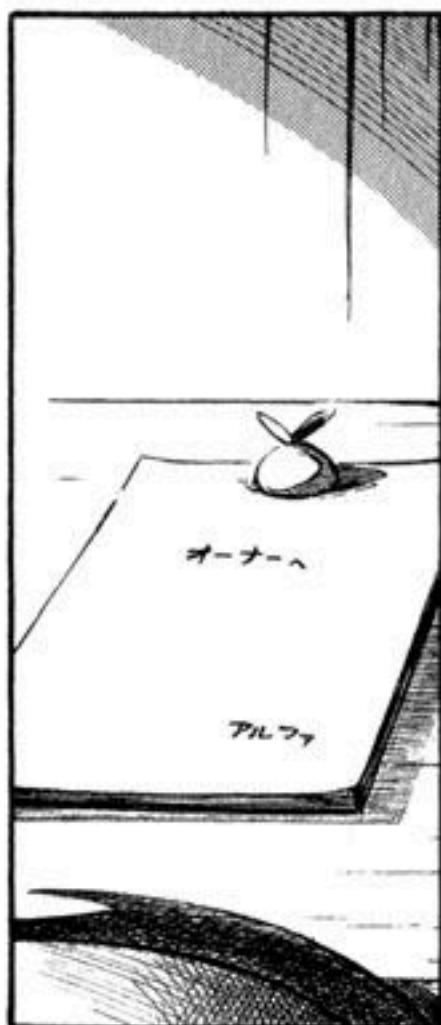




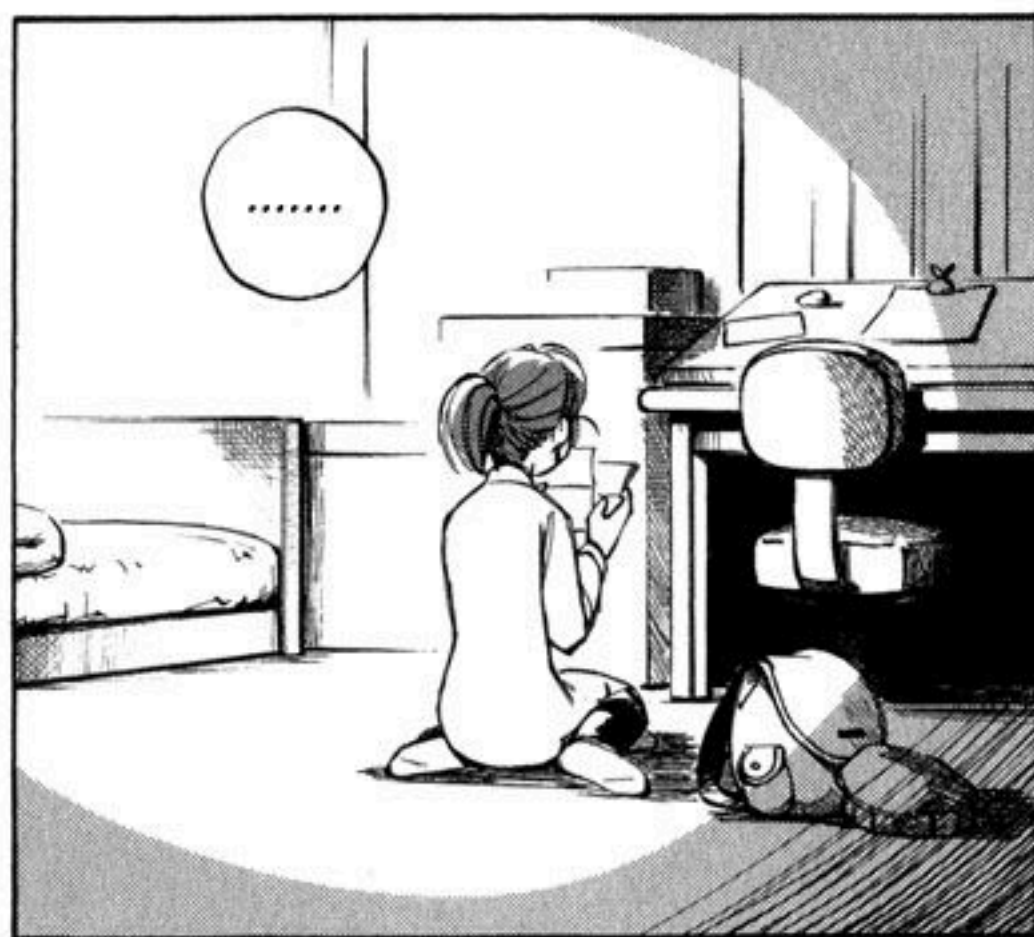
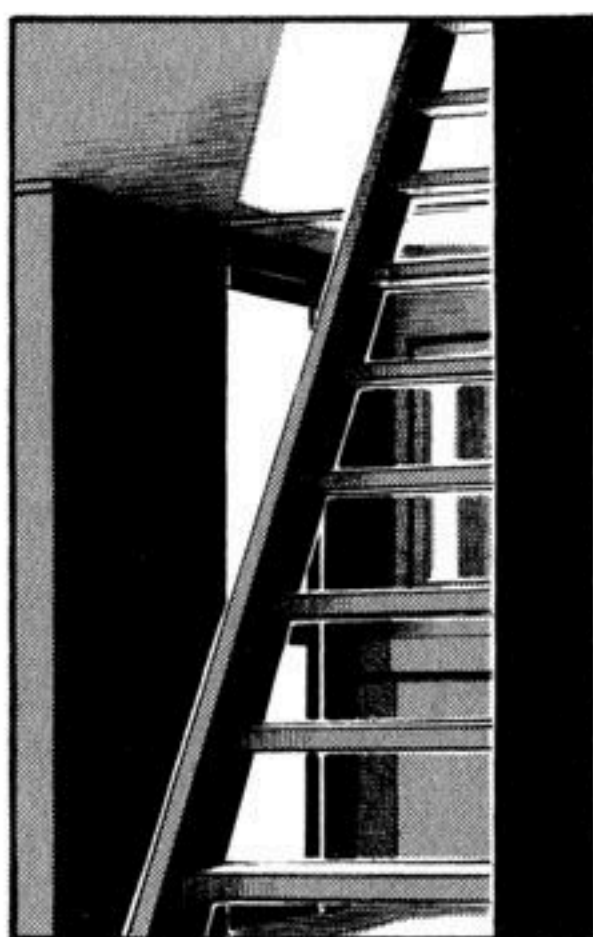
THE SUN HAS ALREADY
SUNK BELOW THE
HORIZON.

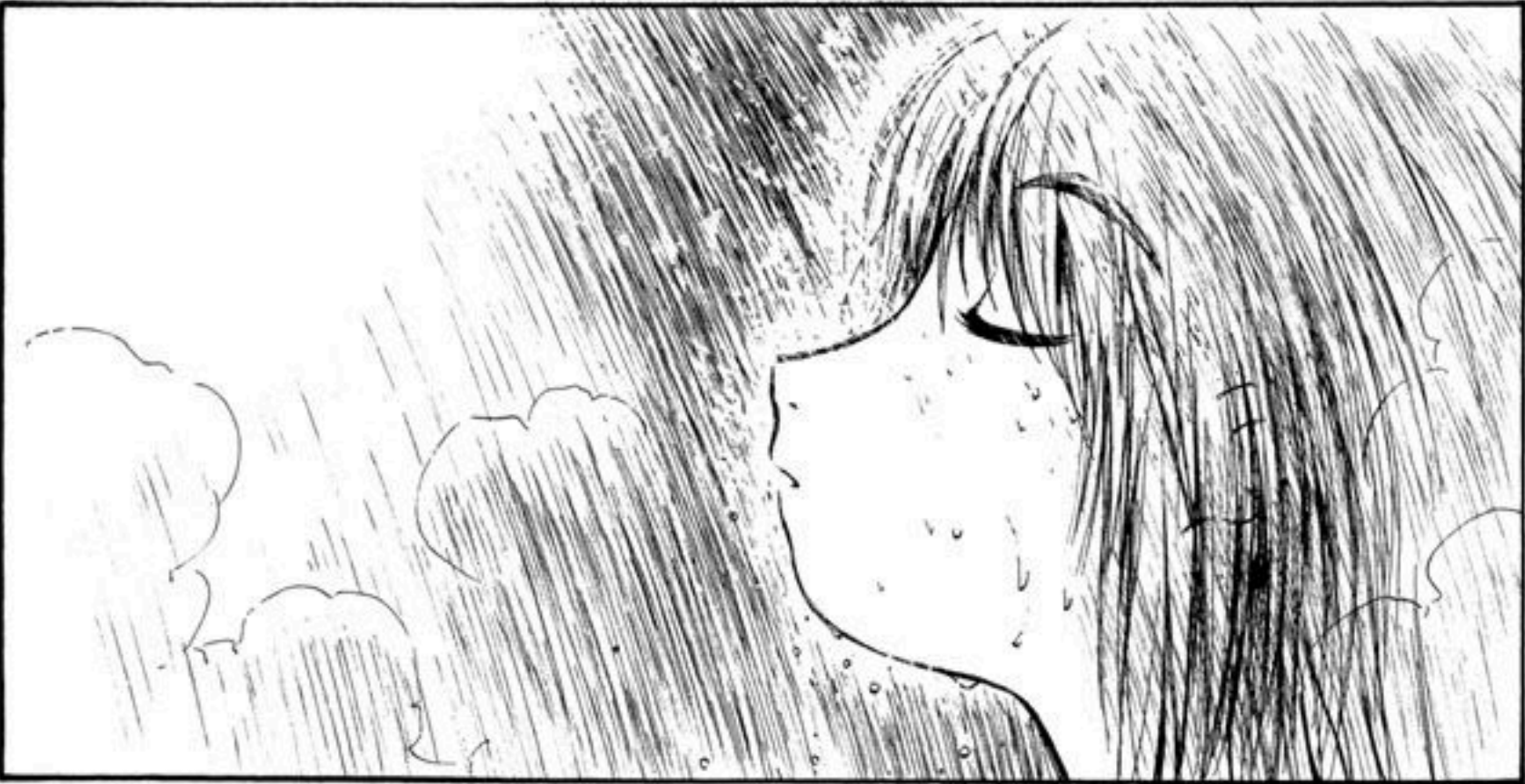
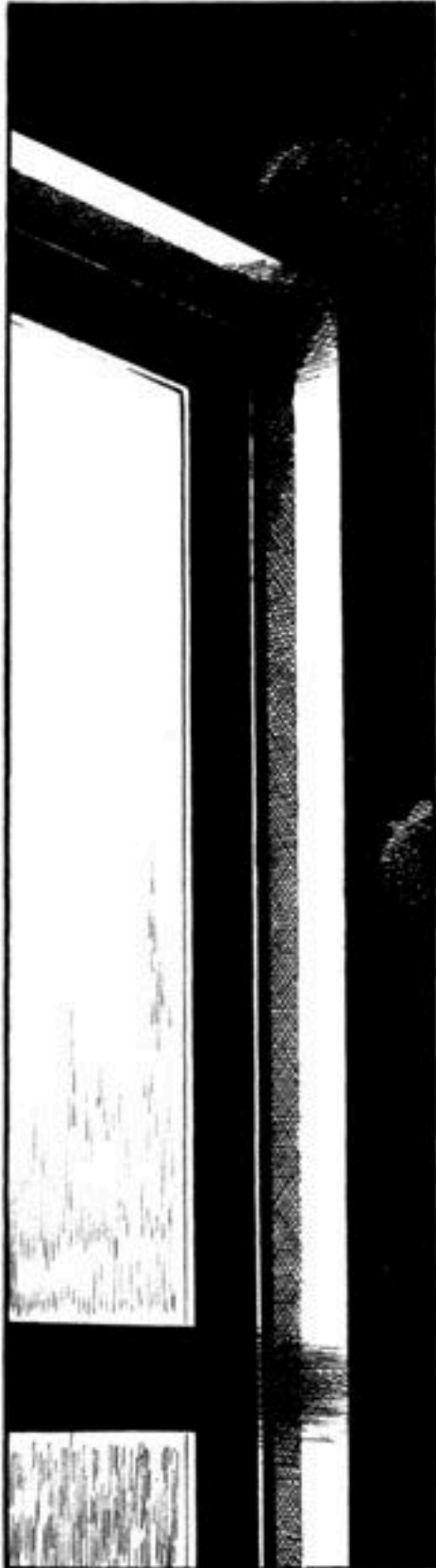






SEEMS LIKE
KOKONE VISITED
AT LEAST TWICE.





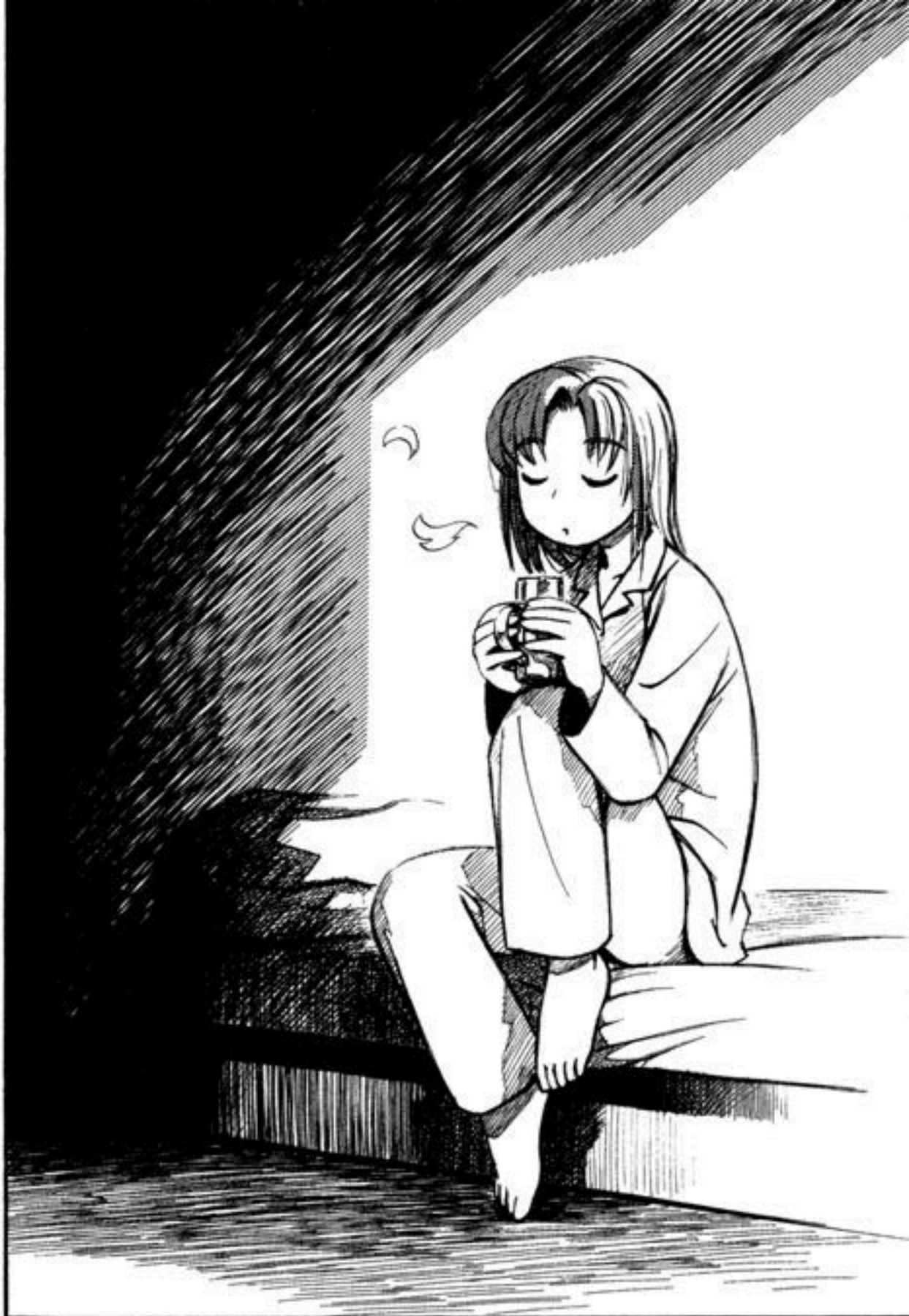
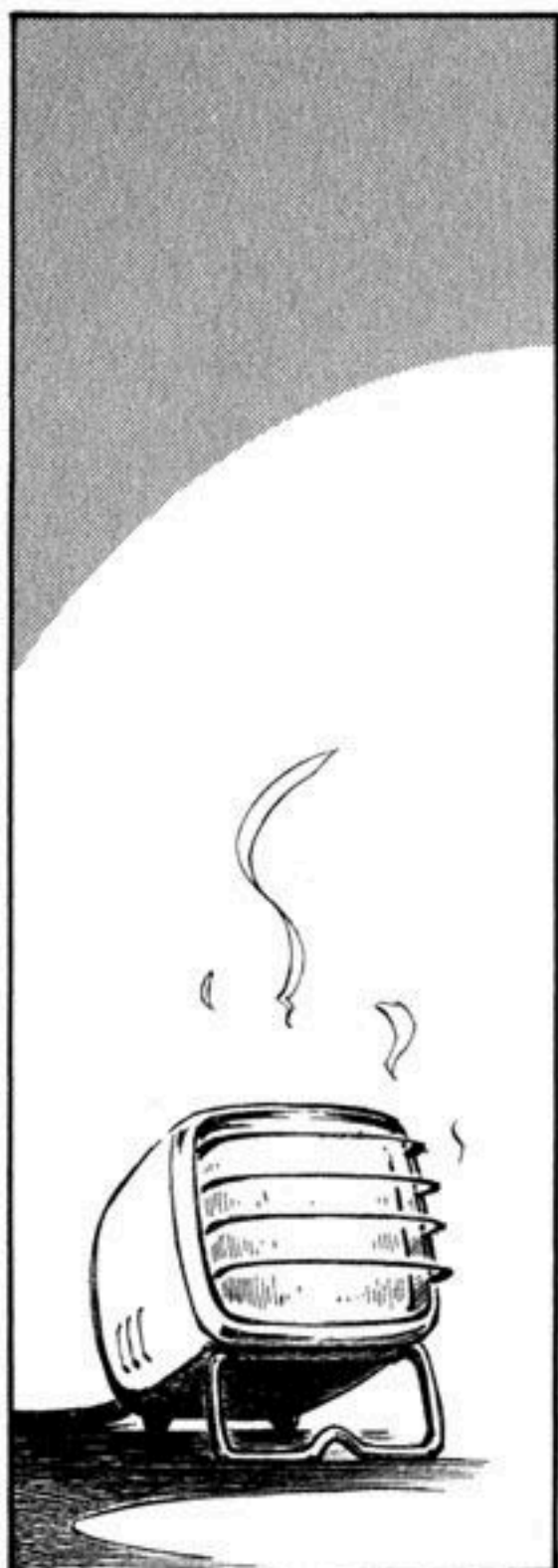


BIT BY
BIT, I
REMEMBER
WHERE
THINGS
ARE.

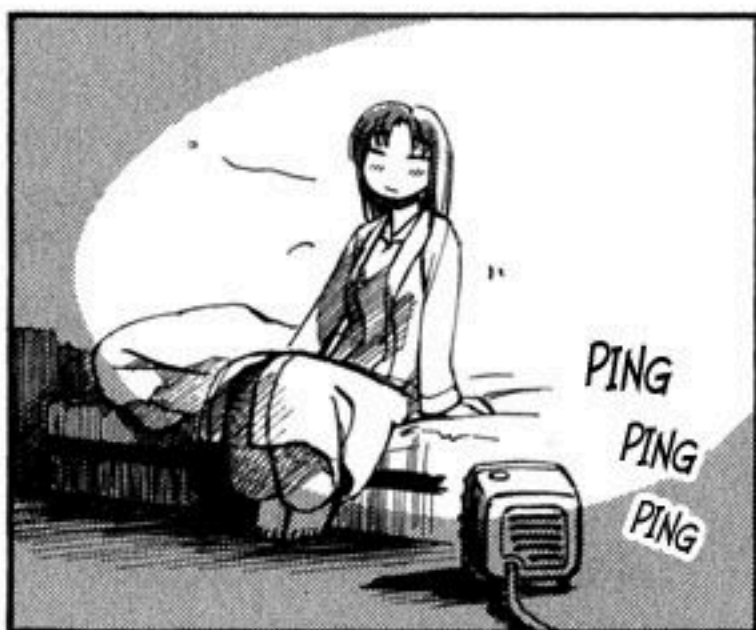
HEAT IT UNTIL
JUST BEFORE
IT BOILS,
THEN DILLUTE
IT WITH
WATER...

I FOUND
SOME SAP
TO MAKE
MEIPORO.











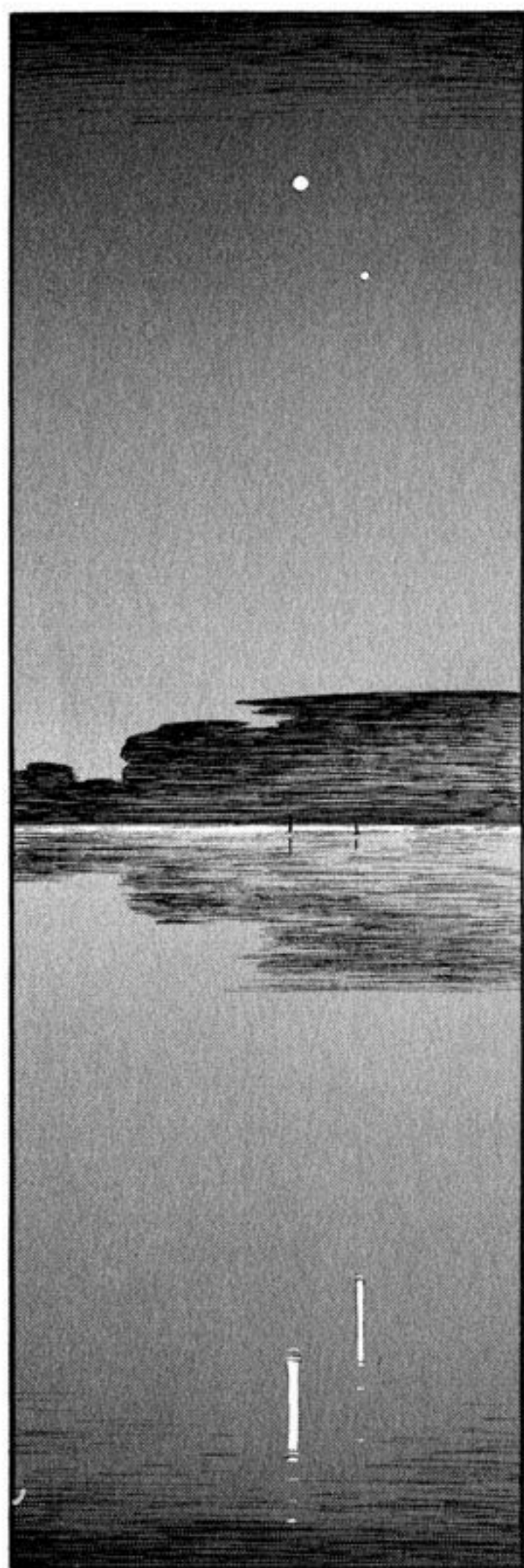
IT FEELS AS IF
I HAVEN'T SLEPT
IN A YEAR.



I MELT INTO THE FUTON.



AND TOG-
ETHER WITH
THE FUTON,
I MELT INTO
THE EARTH.

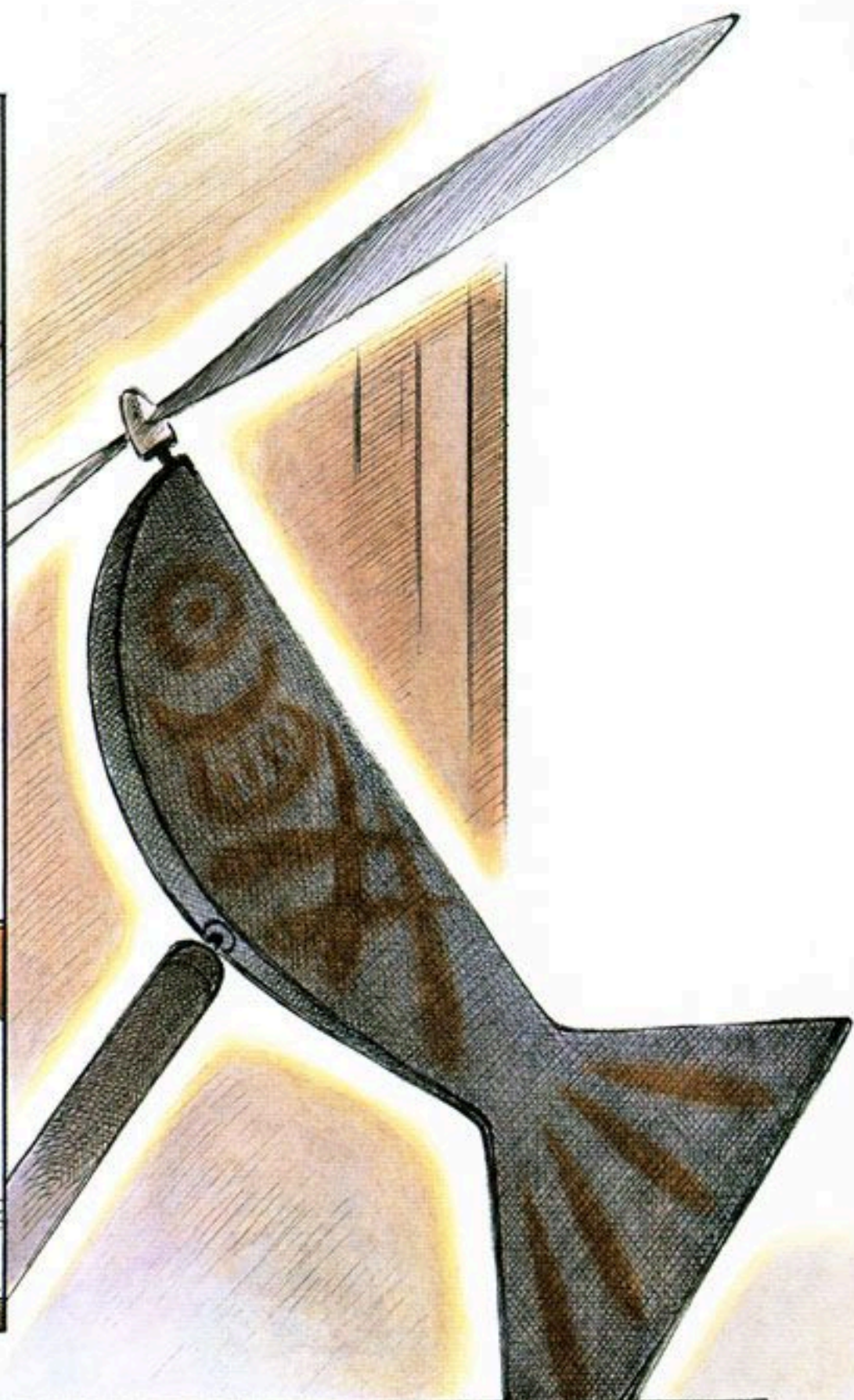
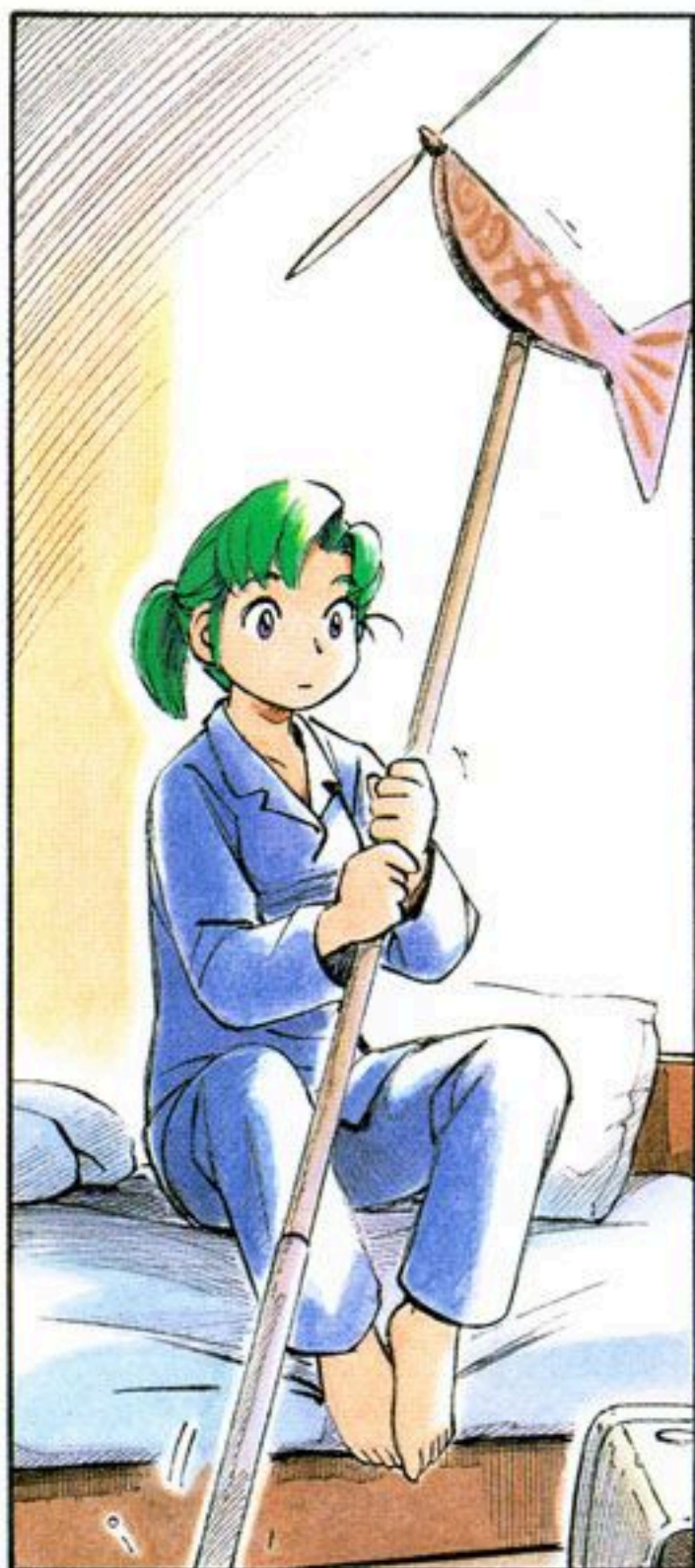


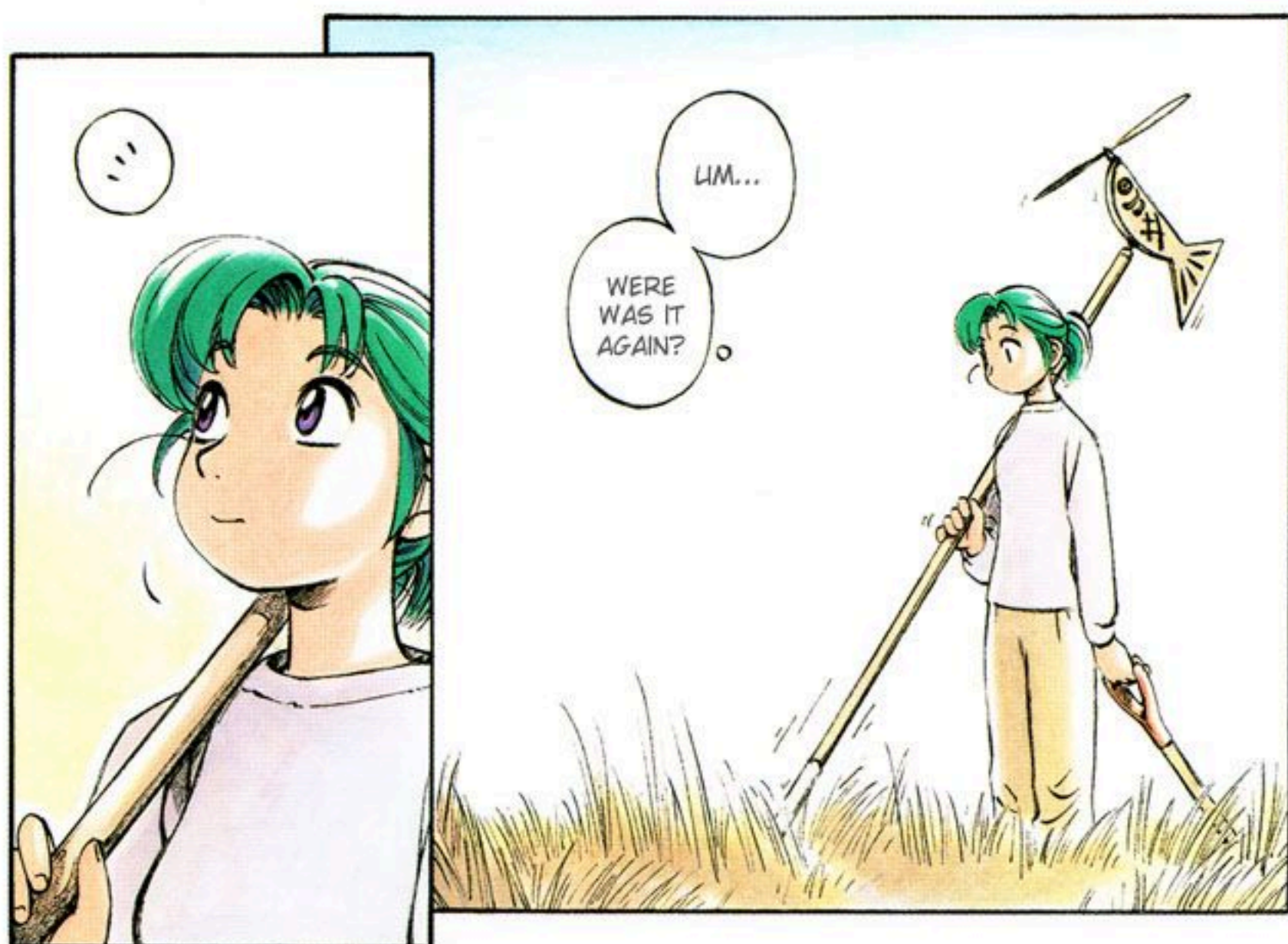
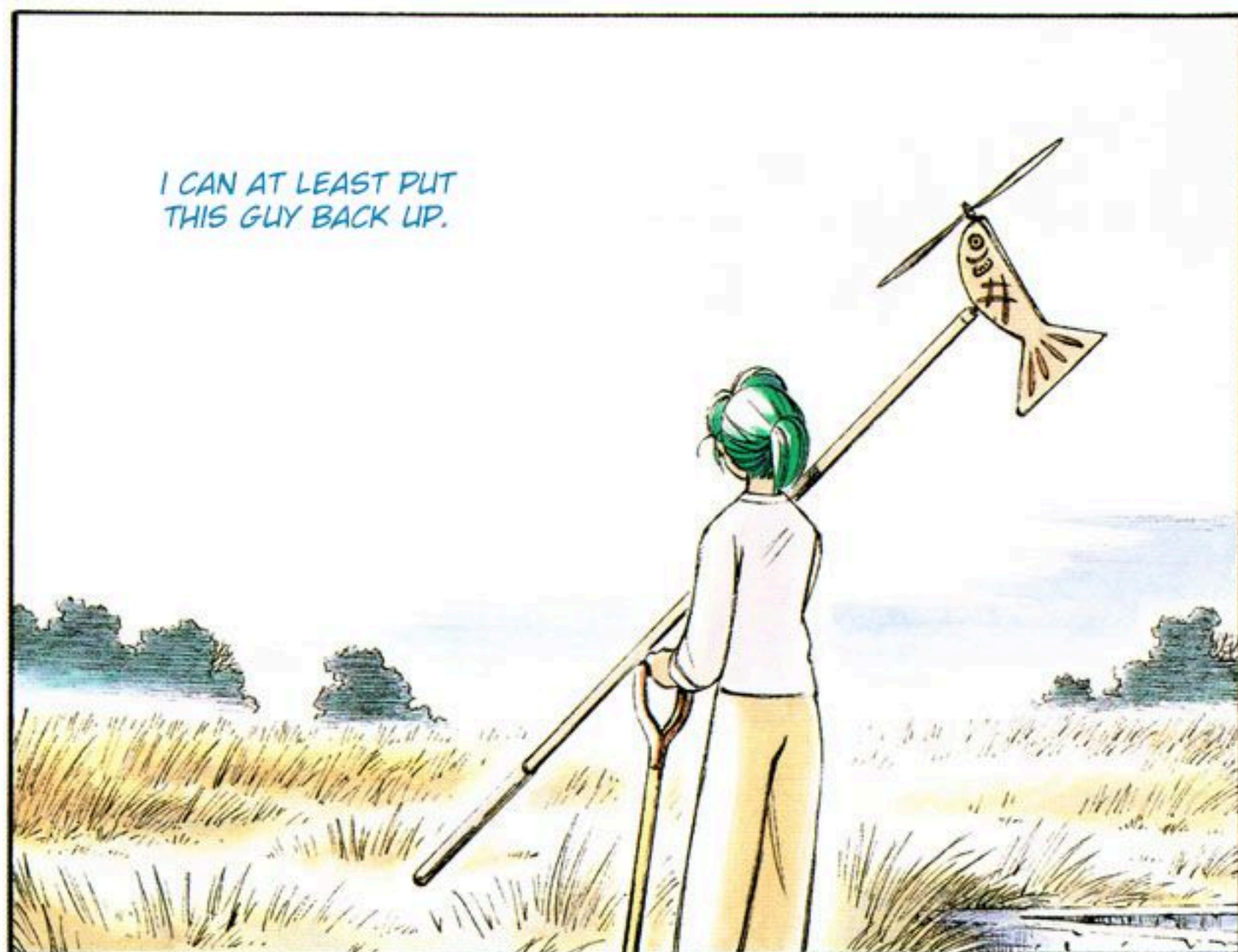


Story 80

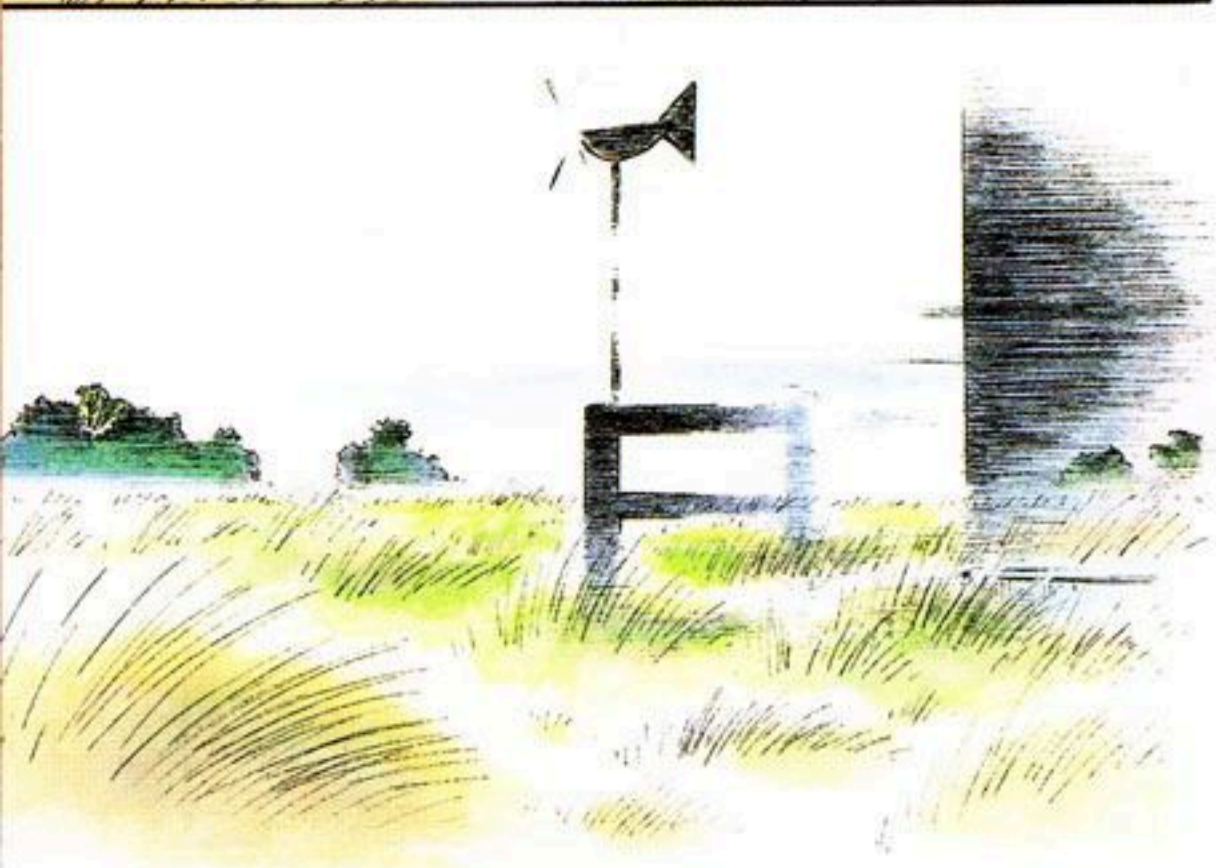
Fish Weathervane

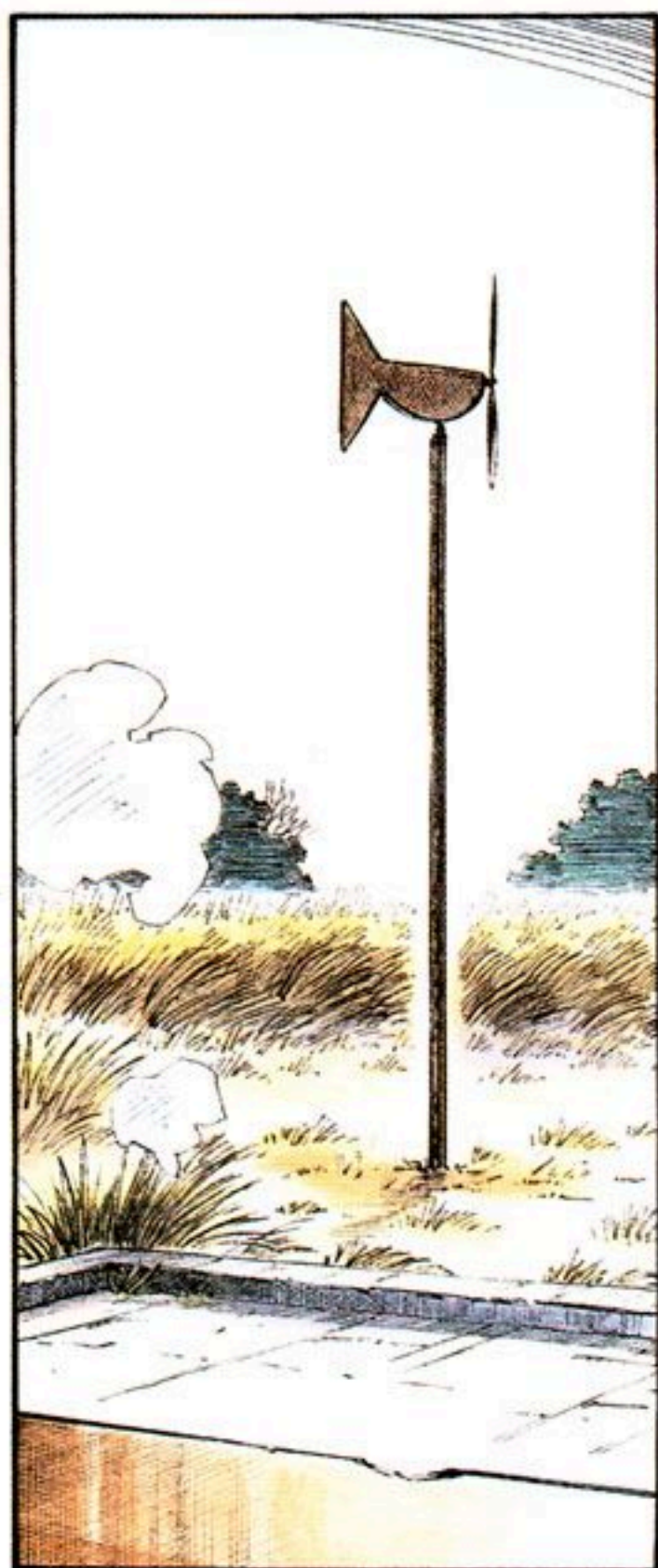


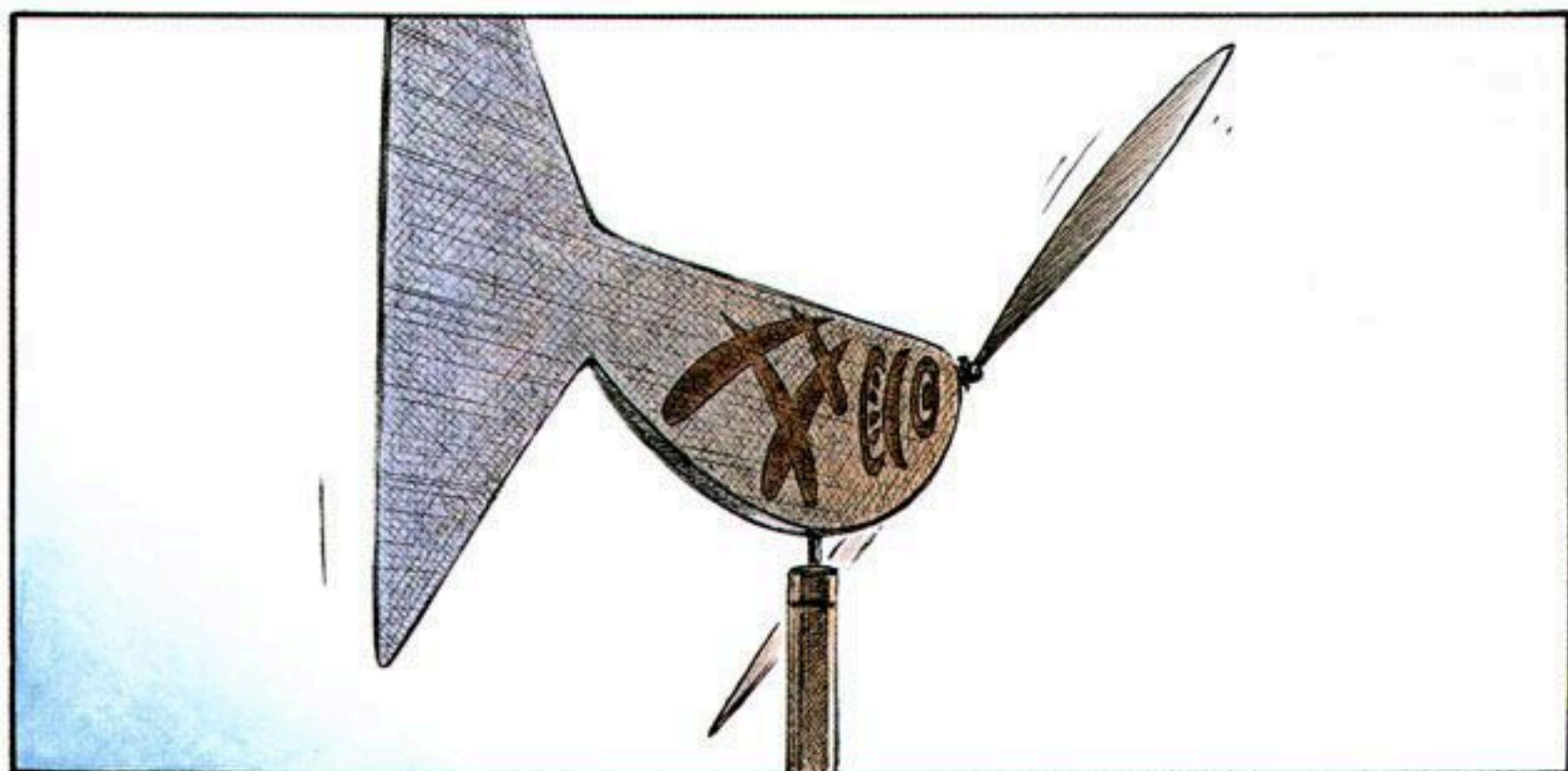


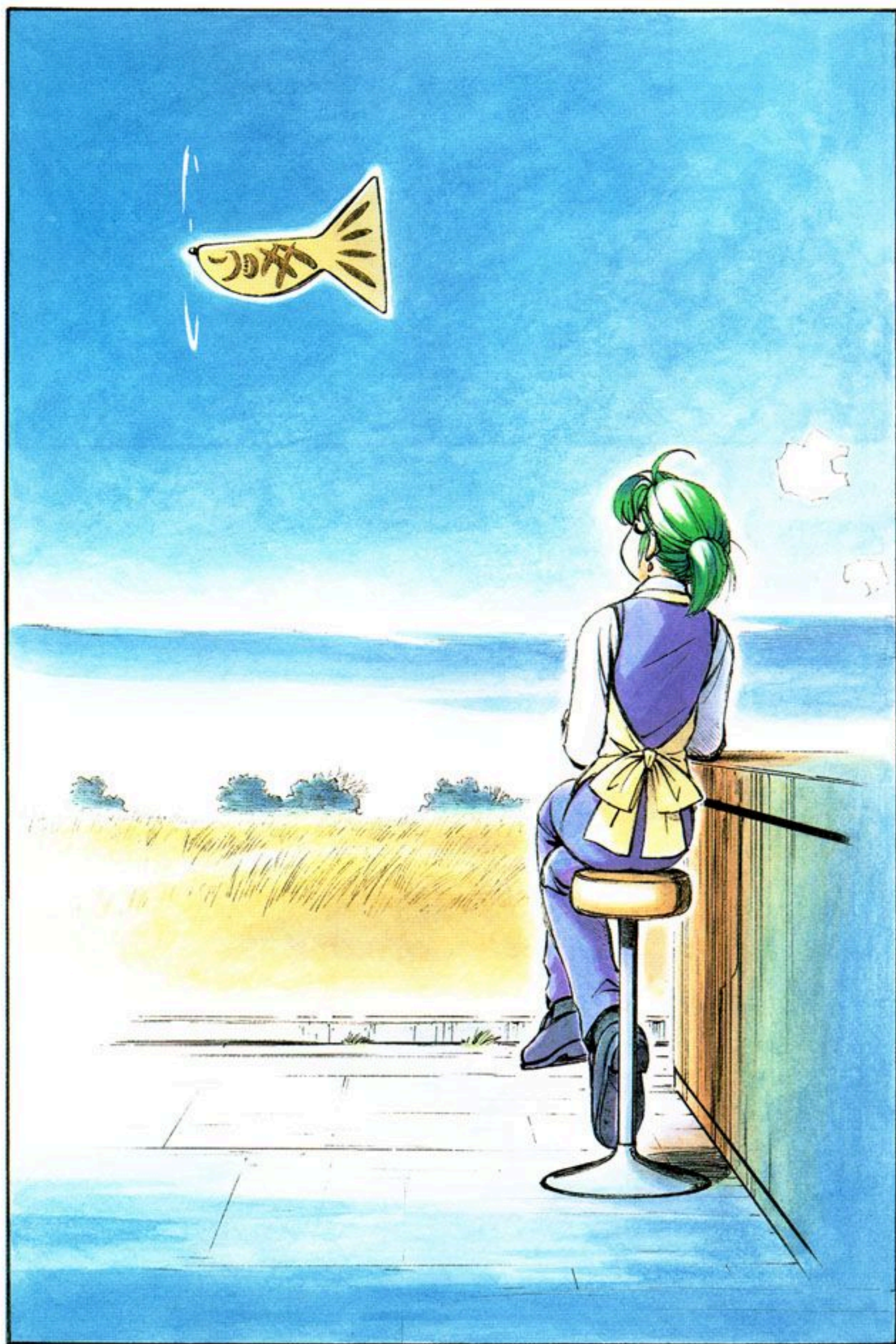








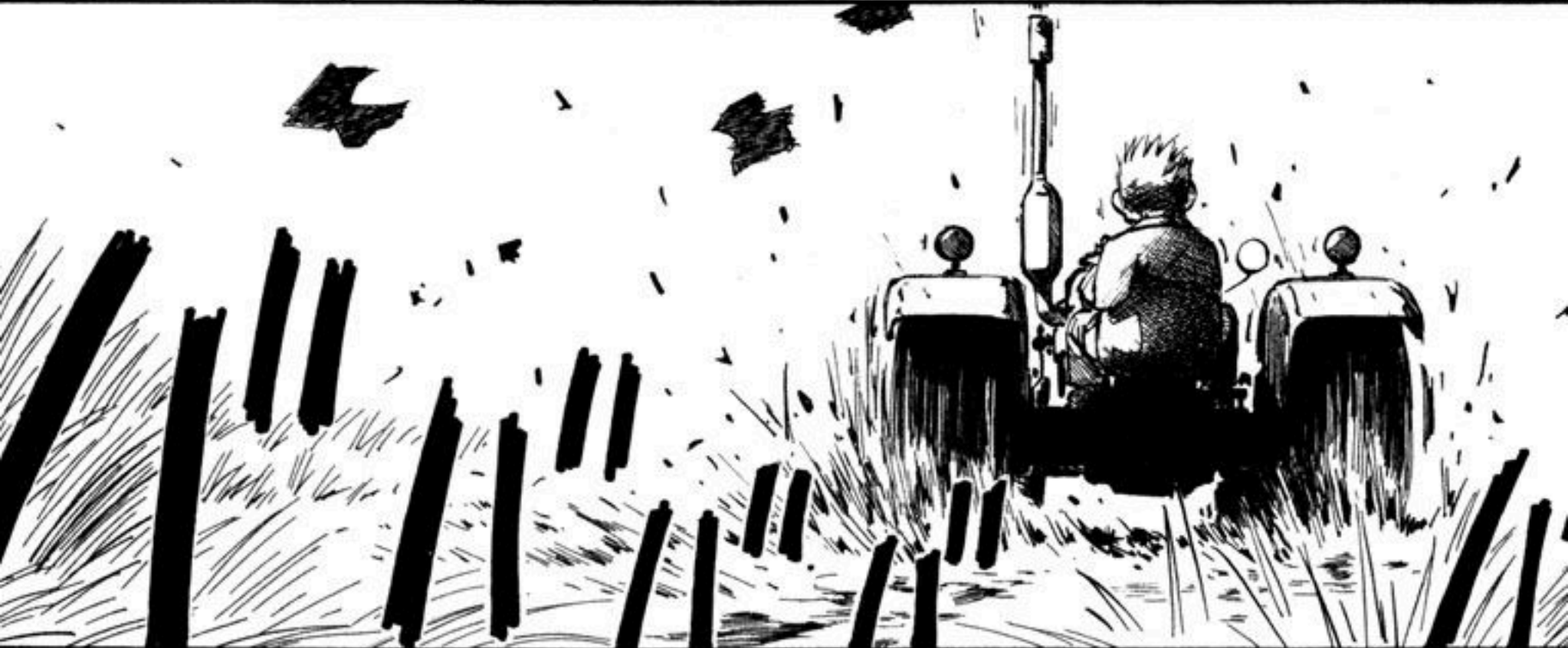
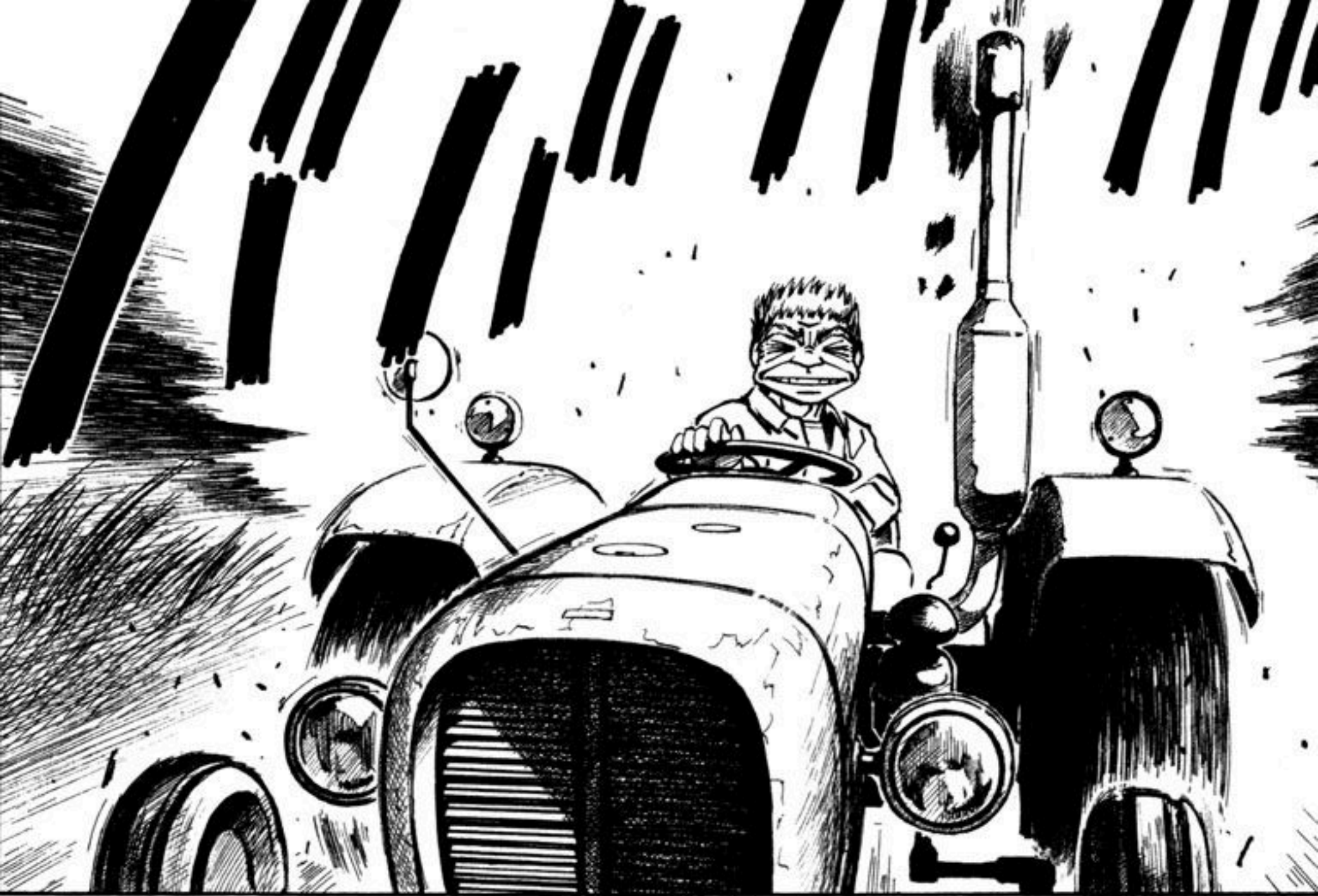


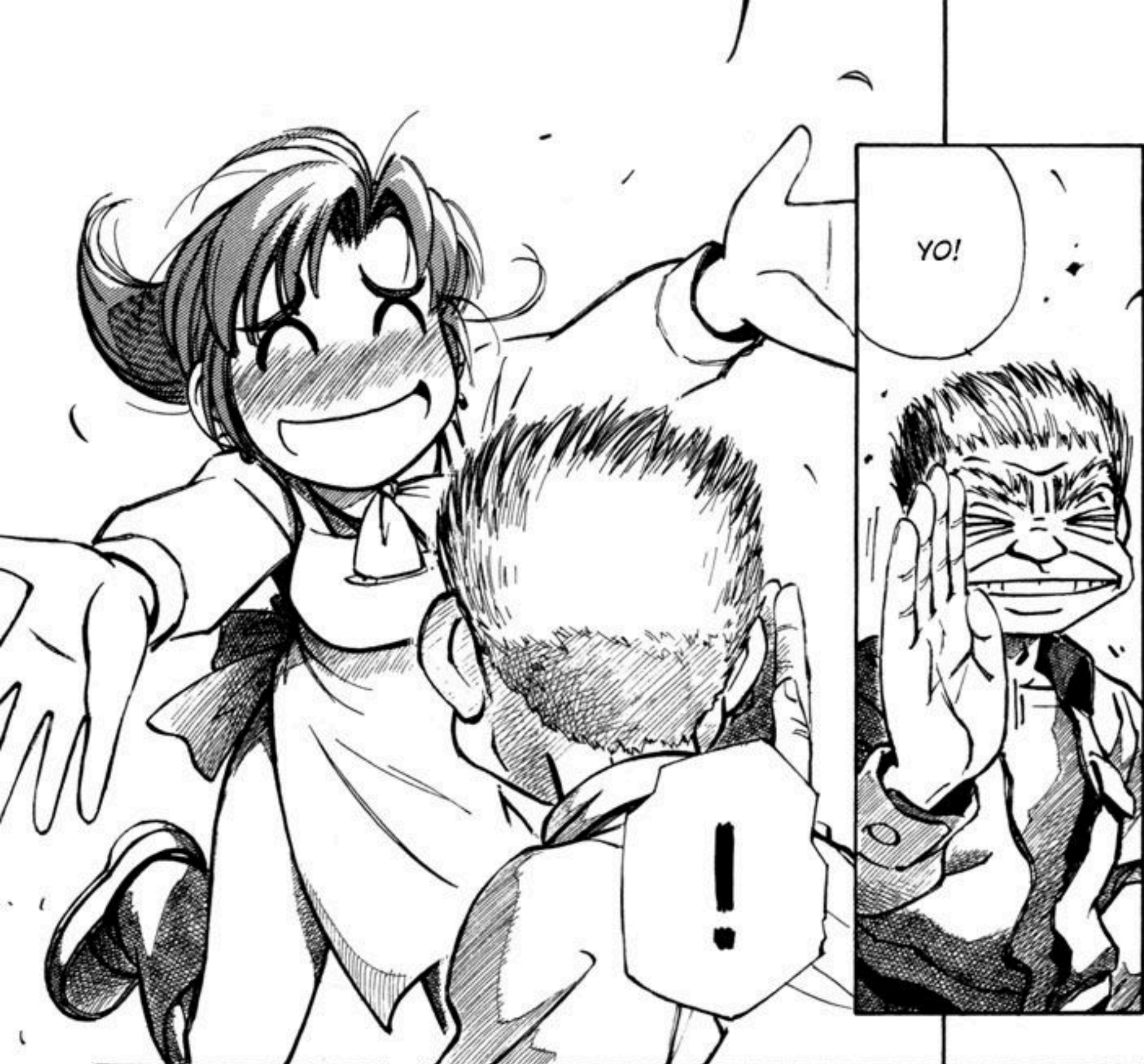


Story 81 One Year's Absence













OJISAN TOLD ME
ABOUT EVERYTHING
THAT HAPPENED
WHILE I WAS AWAY.



HOW KOKONE VISITED
FOUR TIMES.

HOW HE HURT HIS LEG
AND COULDN'T WALK
FOR A WHILE.



LIFE KEPT
GOING WHILE
I WAS AWAY.



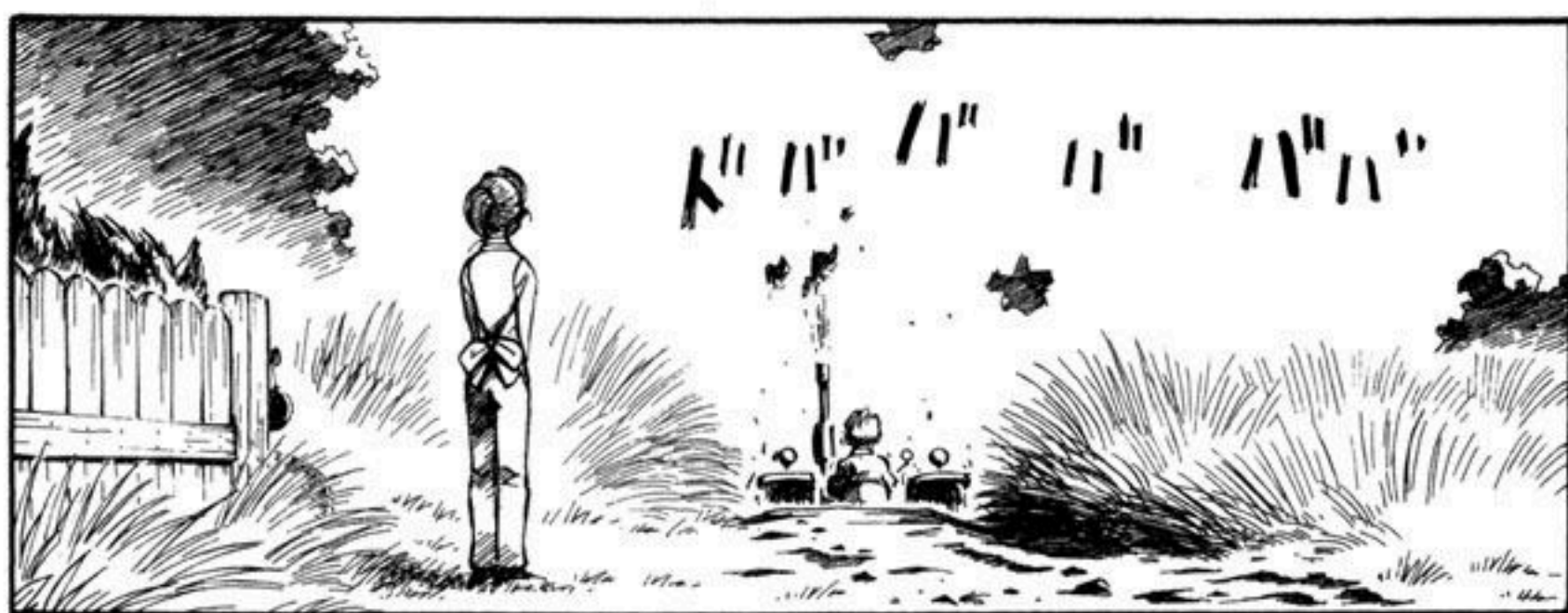


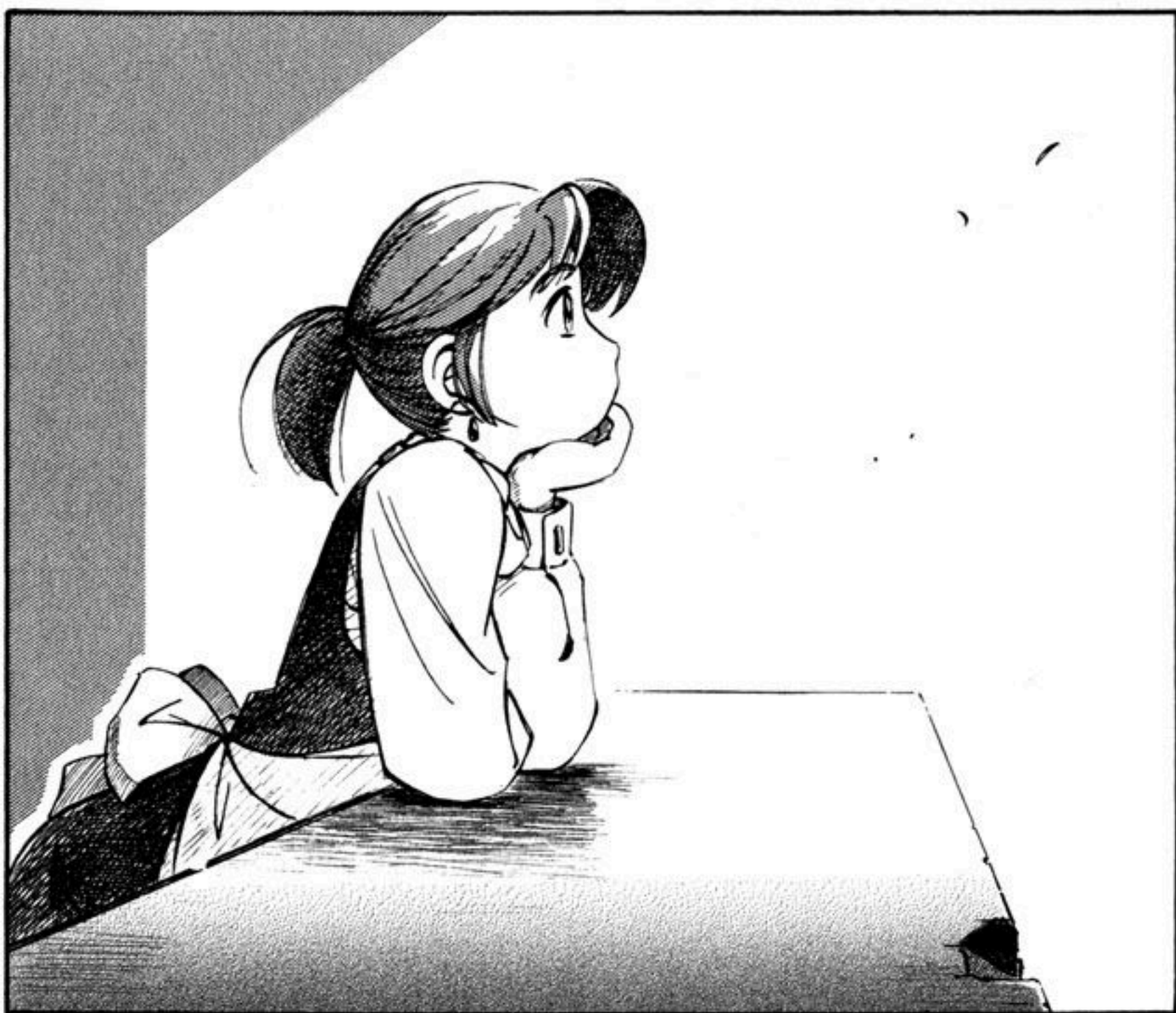
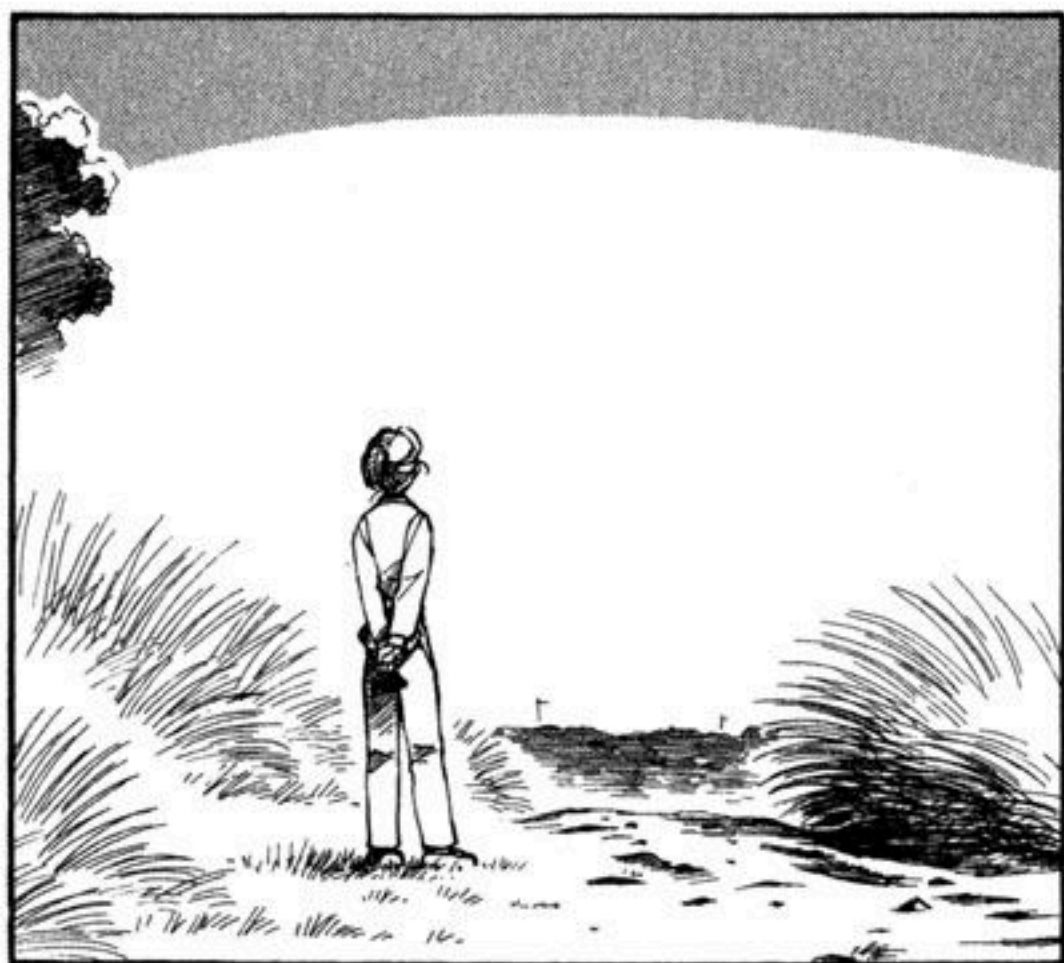












THE SUN HARDLY
SEEMS TO MOVE.



IT'S STILL
ONLY NOON.



AHH...

I HAVEN'T WALKED EVEN
A SINGLE KILOMETER
TODAY.



BIT BY BIT,
THE LAST YEAR
RECEDES INTO
THE PAST.



FOR THE FIRST
TIME SINCE I
WAS BORN,
I FEEL AS THOUGH
I'VE GROWN A
YEAR OLDER.



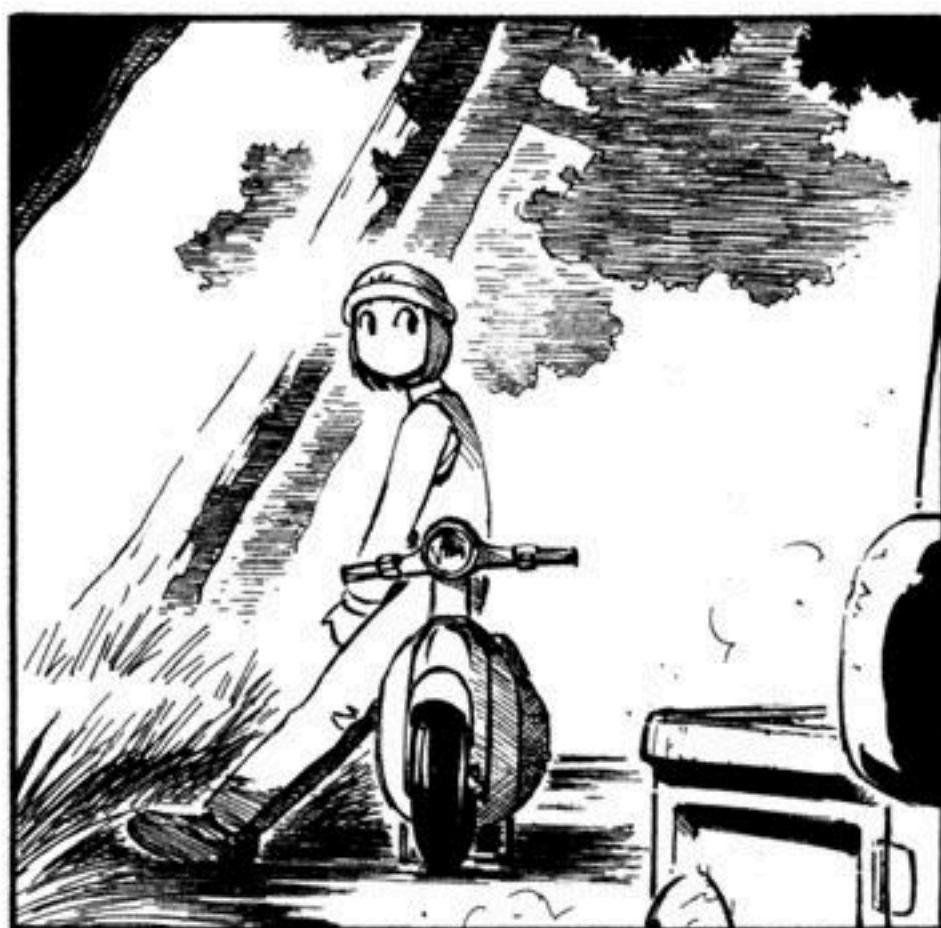
Story 32

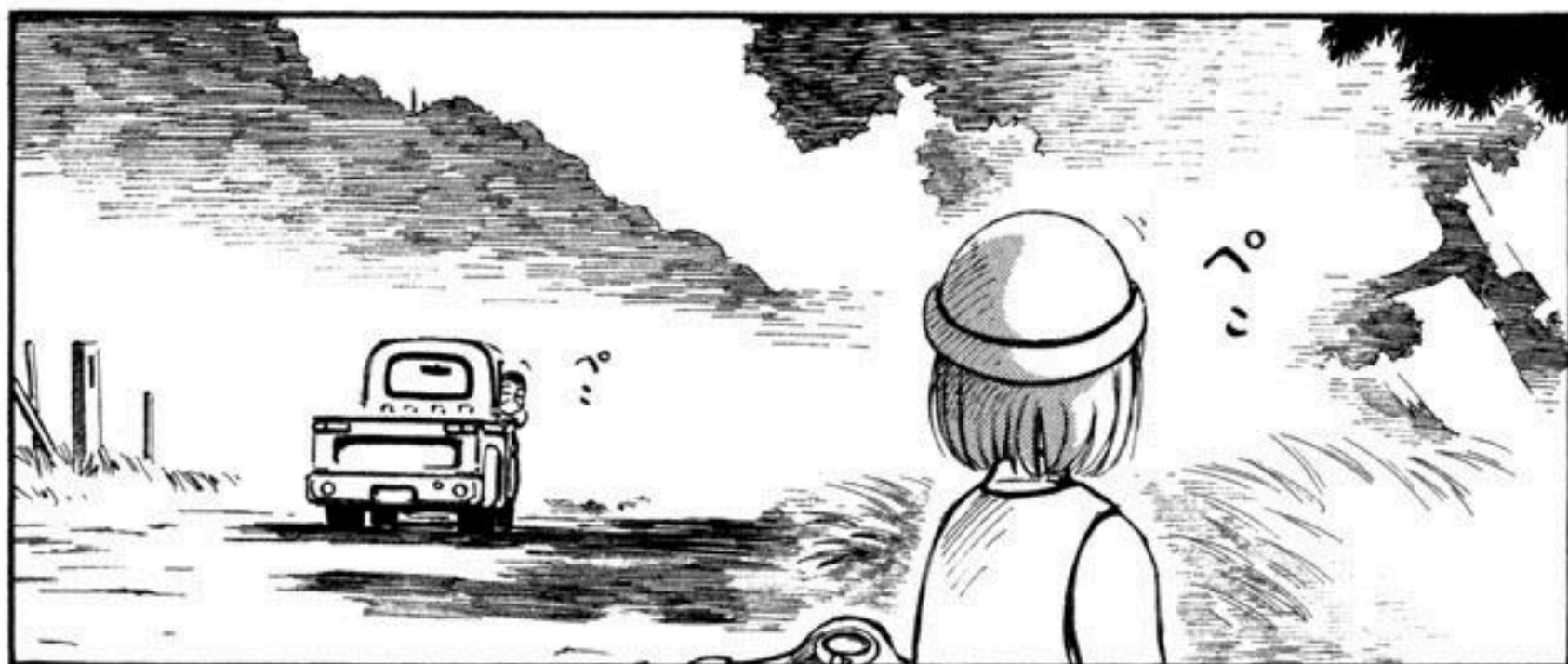
Kuromatsu Road

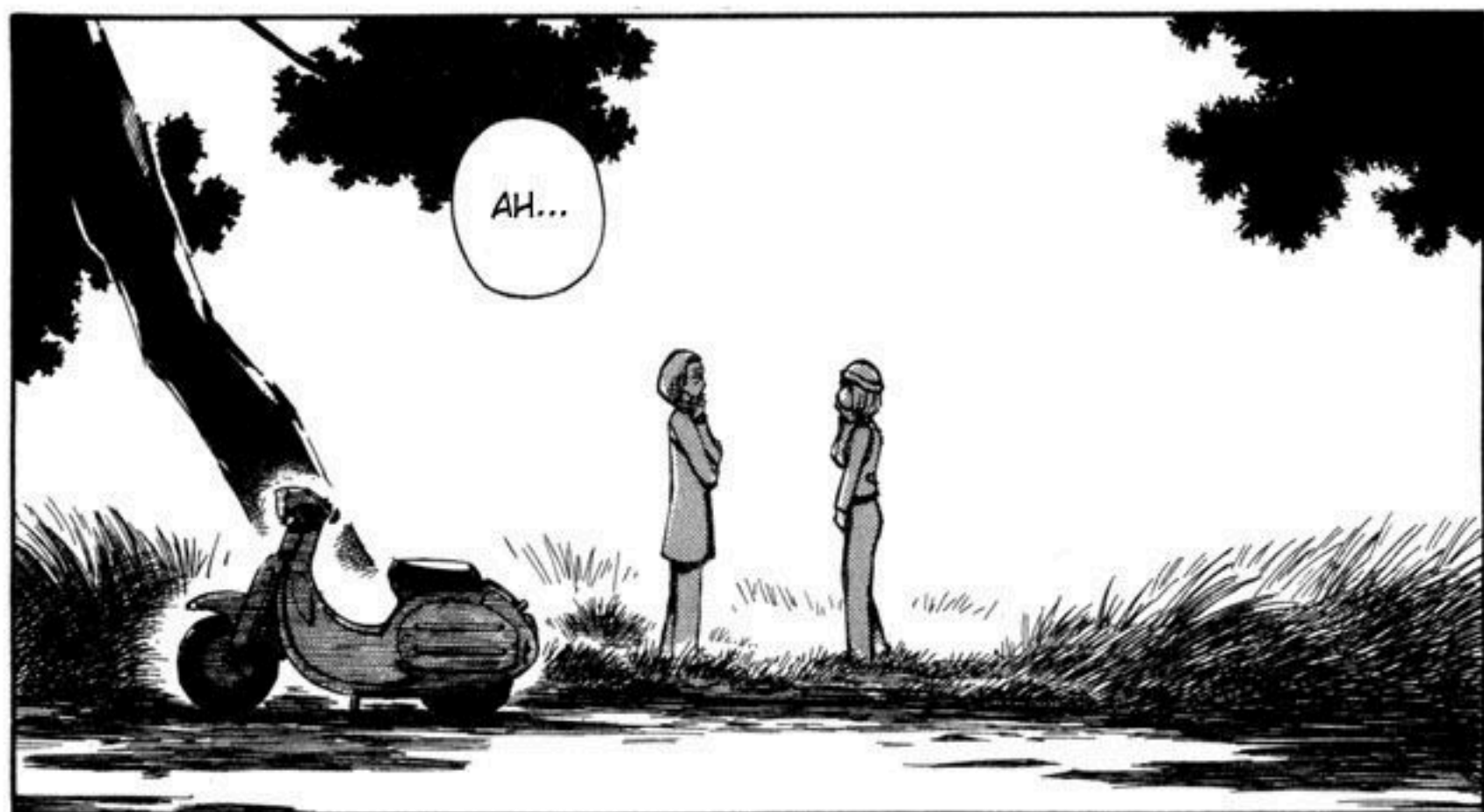




SFX: <SCREEECH>









AND THERE'S NO POINT IN GOING ALL THE WAY TO HER HOUSE AND HEADING RIGHT OUT AGAIN.

ALPHA WANTED TO GO FOR A RIDE SOMEWHERE.

I SEE...

SO...

YOU'RE MEETING HER HERE?

YES.



OH, DEAR.

I'M A BIT EARLY.



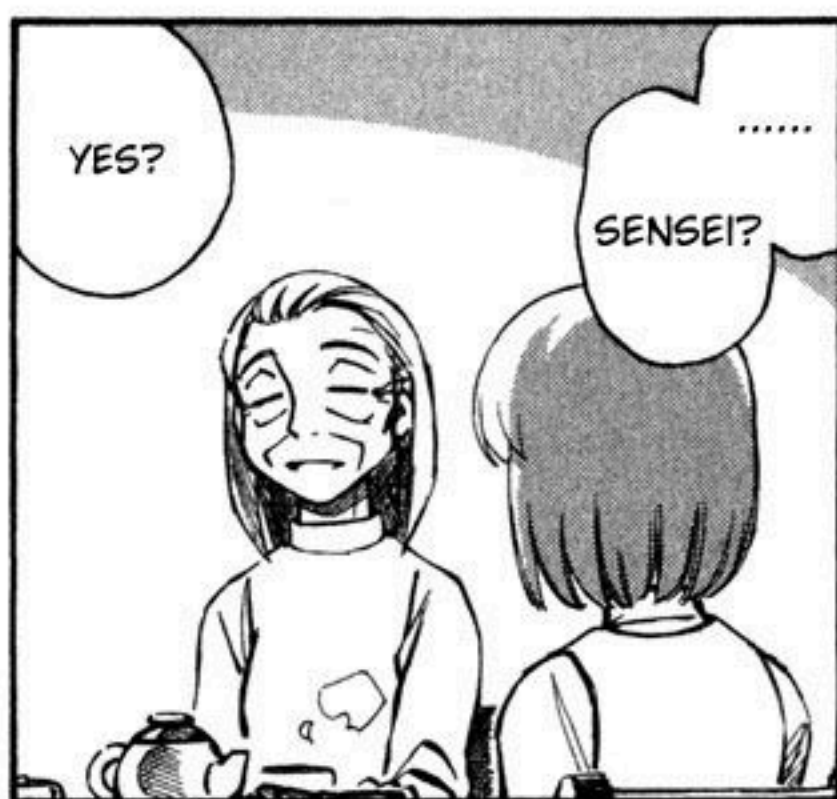
OH, NO... THAT'S NOT IT... SHE STILL HAS TWO MORE HOURS.

IT'S NOT LIKE HER TO BE LATE.





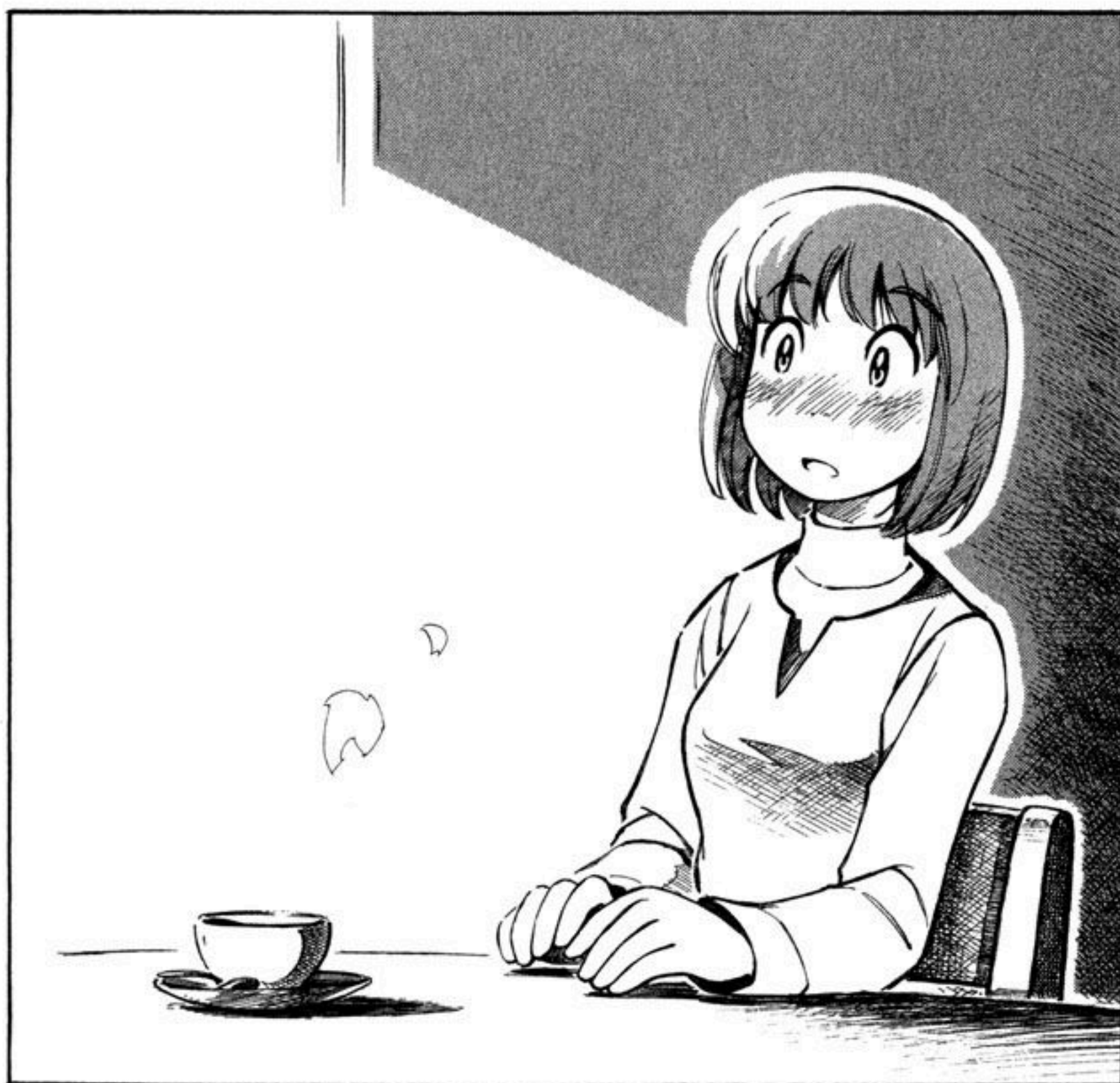






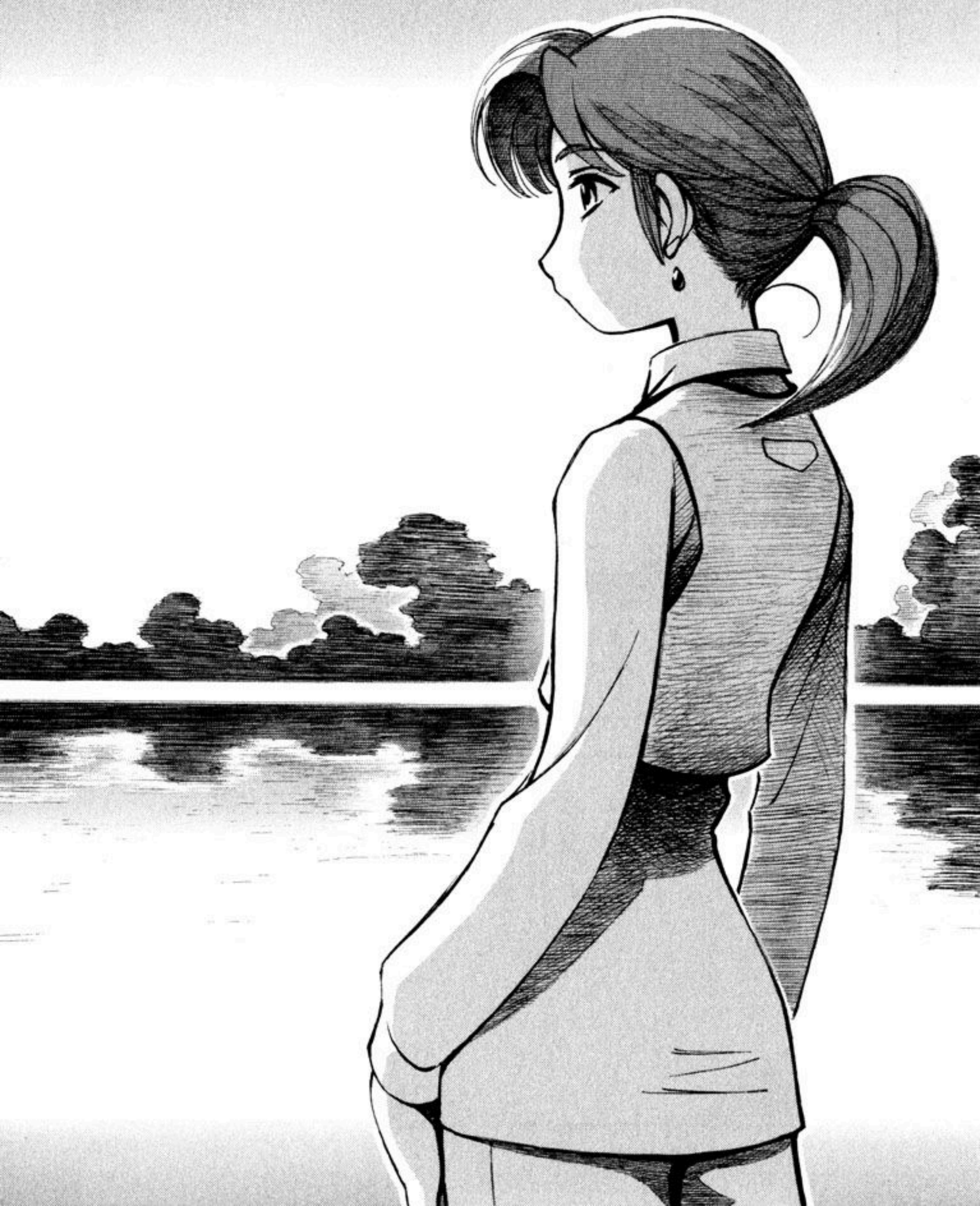


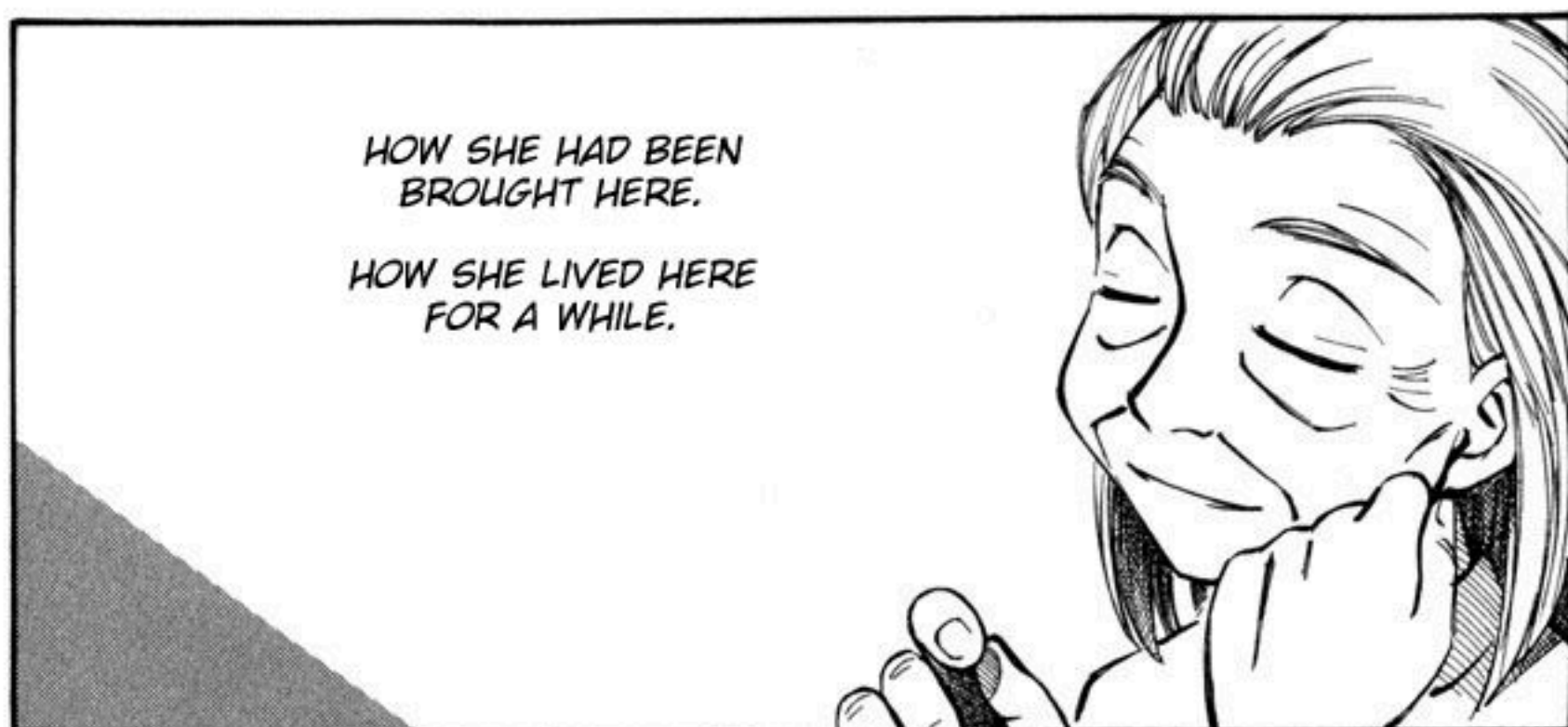
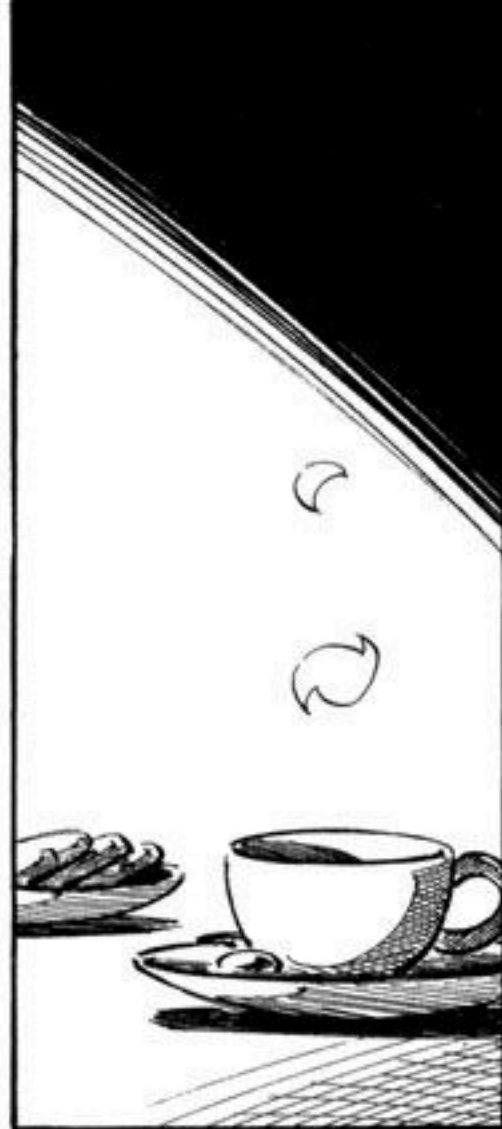
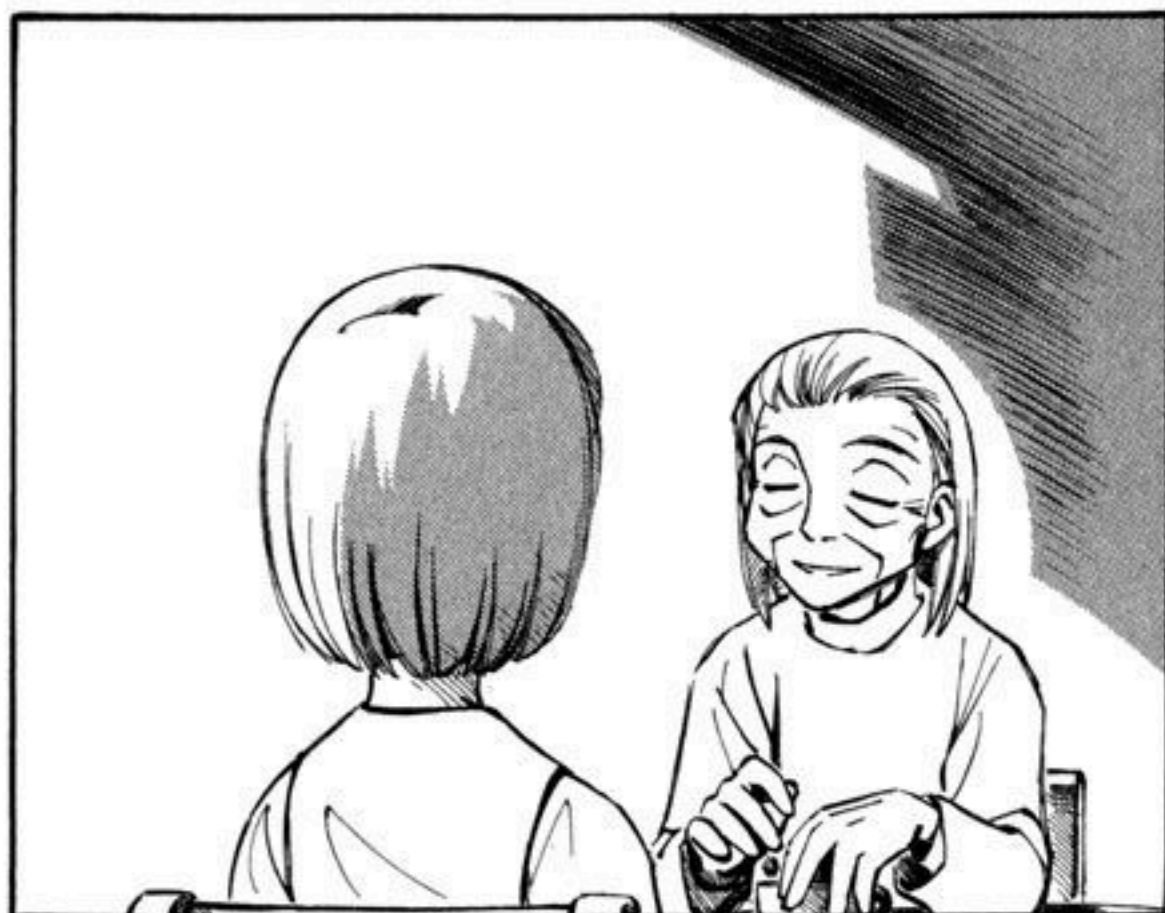




Story 83

Blue Sound

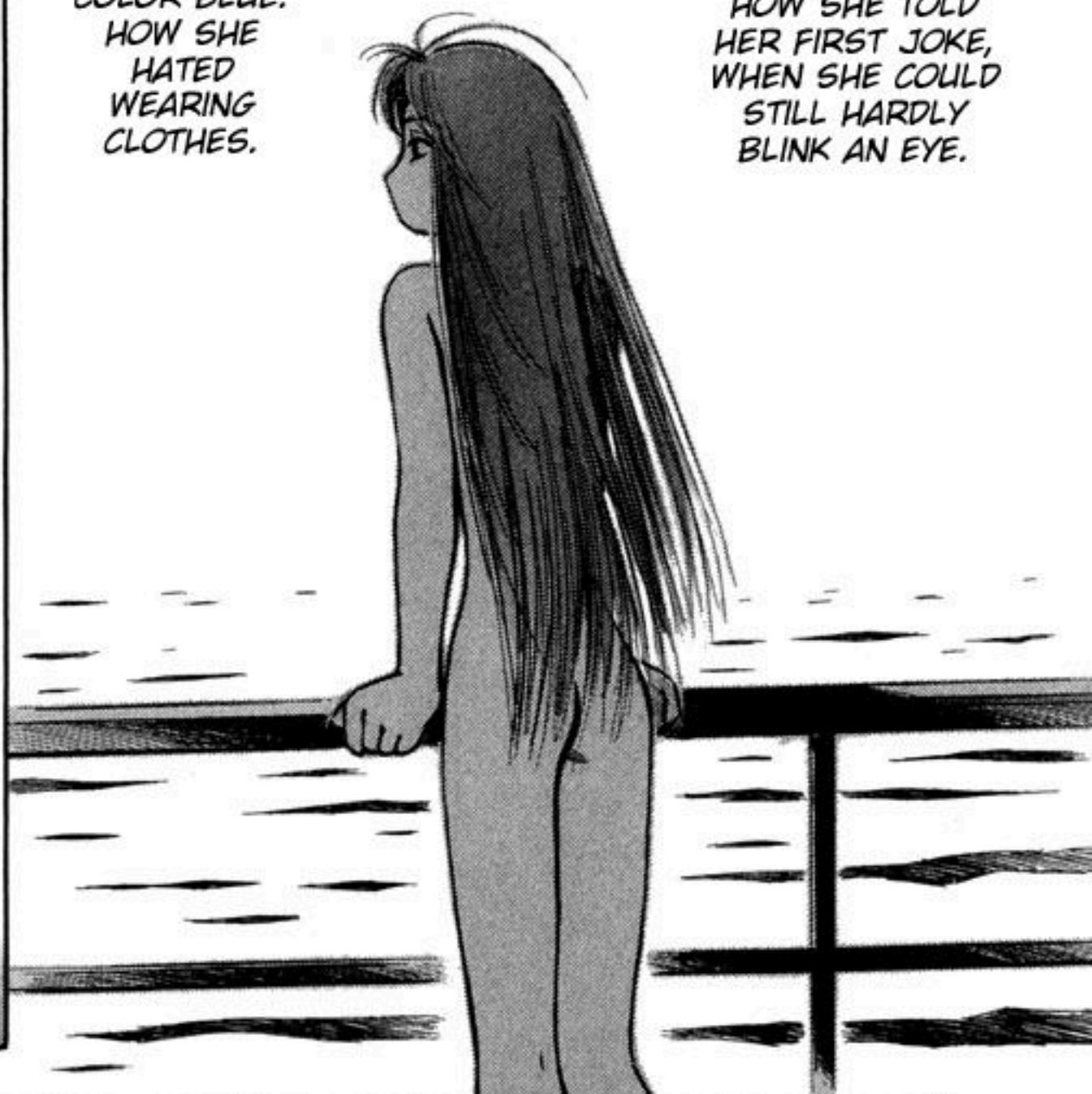




AS I LISTENED
TO SENSEI'S
WARM VOICE,
ALL THE INFORM-
ATION I HAD
ACCUMULATED
UNTIL NOW
SEEMED
MEANINGLESS.

HOW SHE
LOVED THE
COLOR BLUE.
HOW SHE
HATED
WEARING
CLOTHES.

HOW SHE TOLD
HER FIRST JOKE,
WHEN SHE COULD
STILL HARDLY
BLINK AN EYE.



I
SEE...

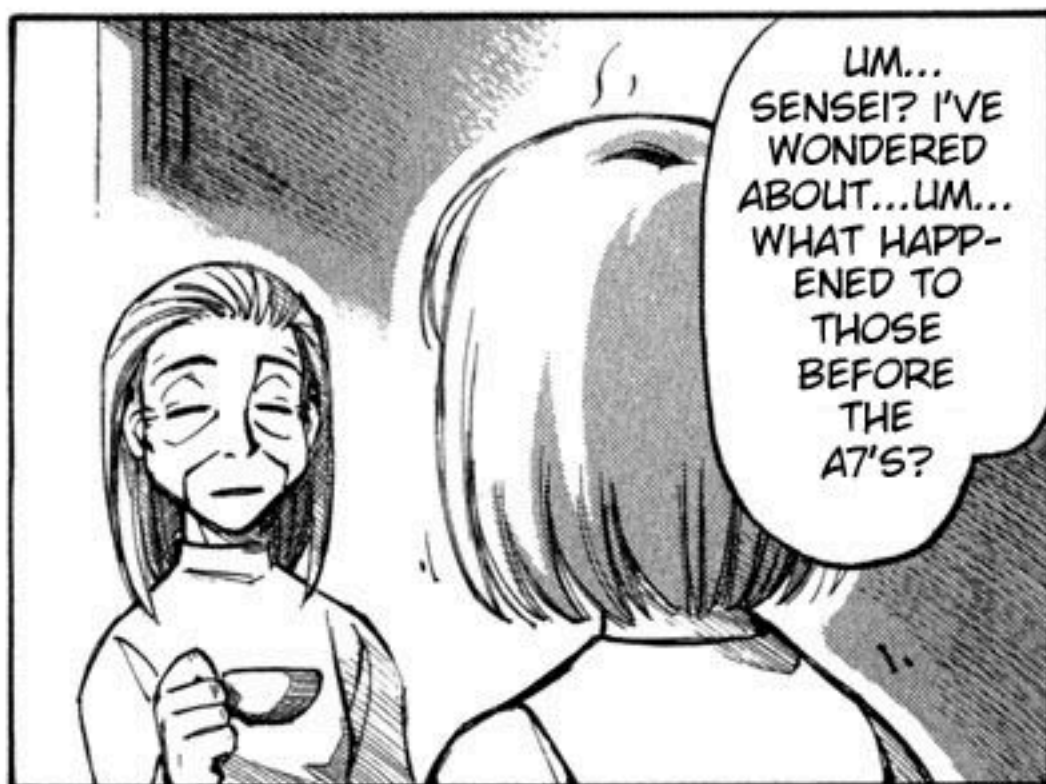
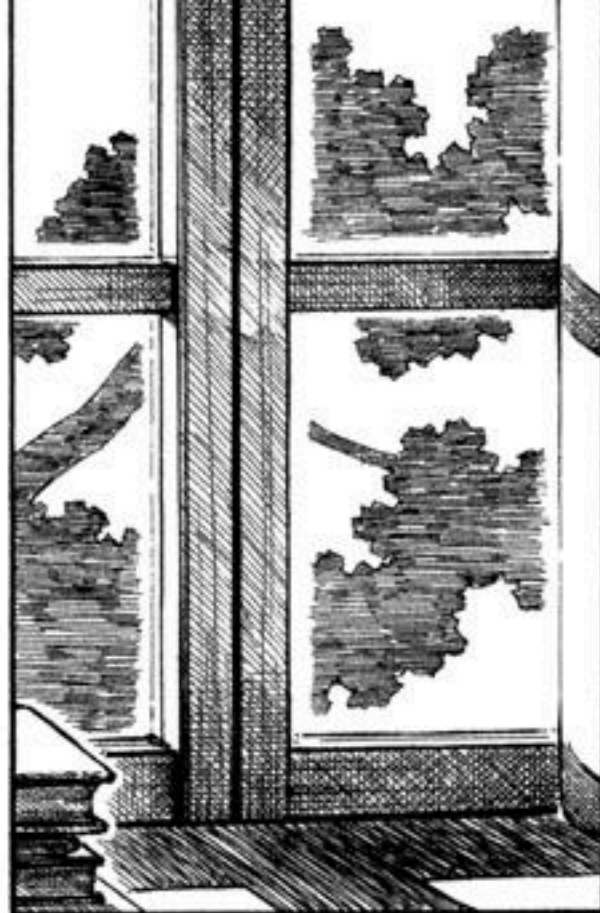
THAT
WAS THE
ALPHA
YOU
KNOW.

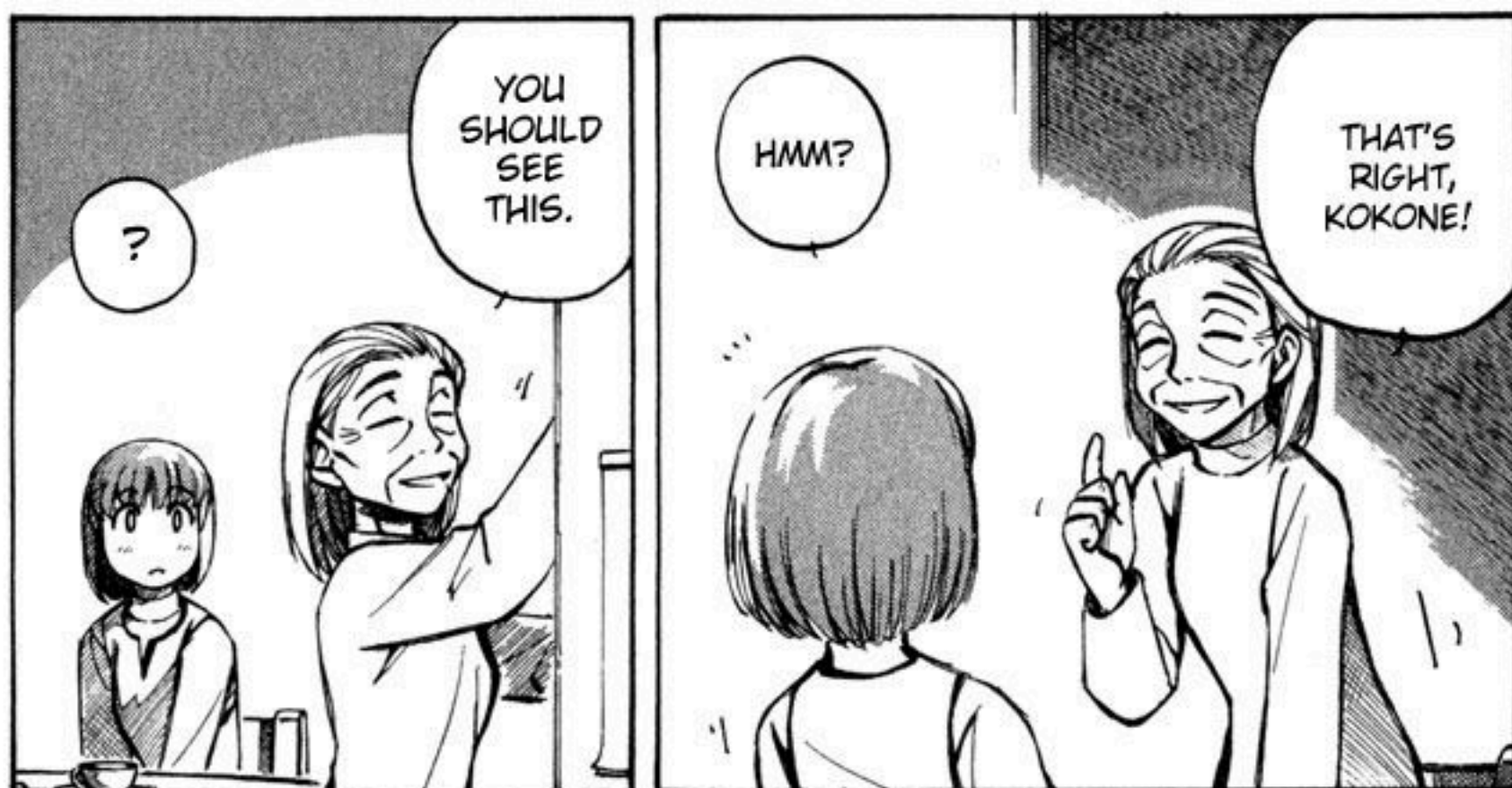
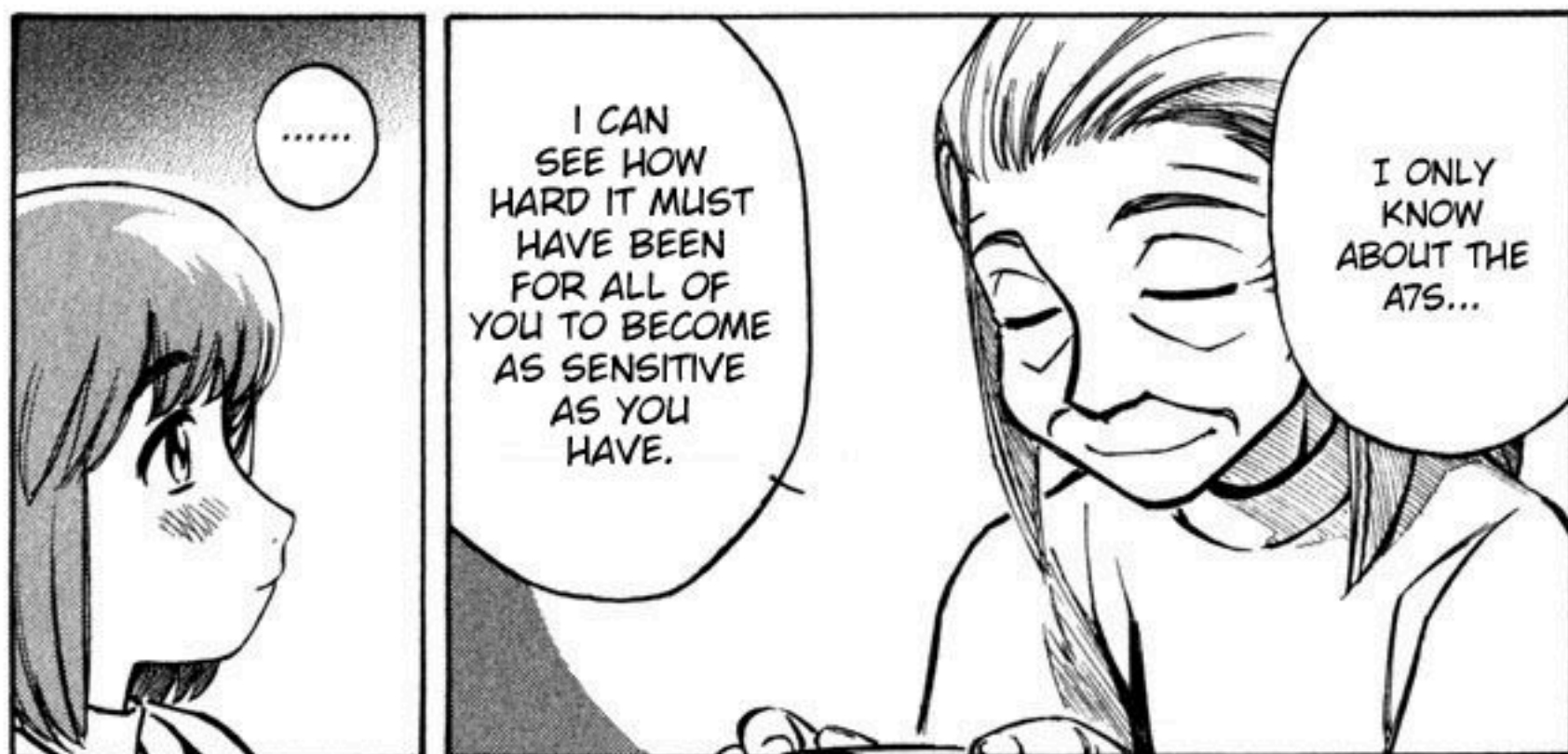
I FOUND
OUT THAT
THERE WAS
ANOTHER
ROBOT
LIVING
NEARBY.

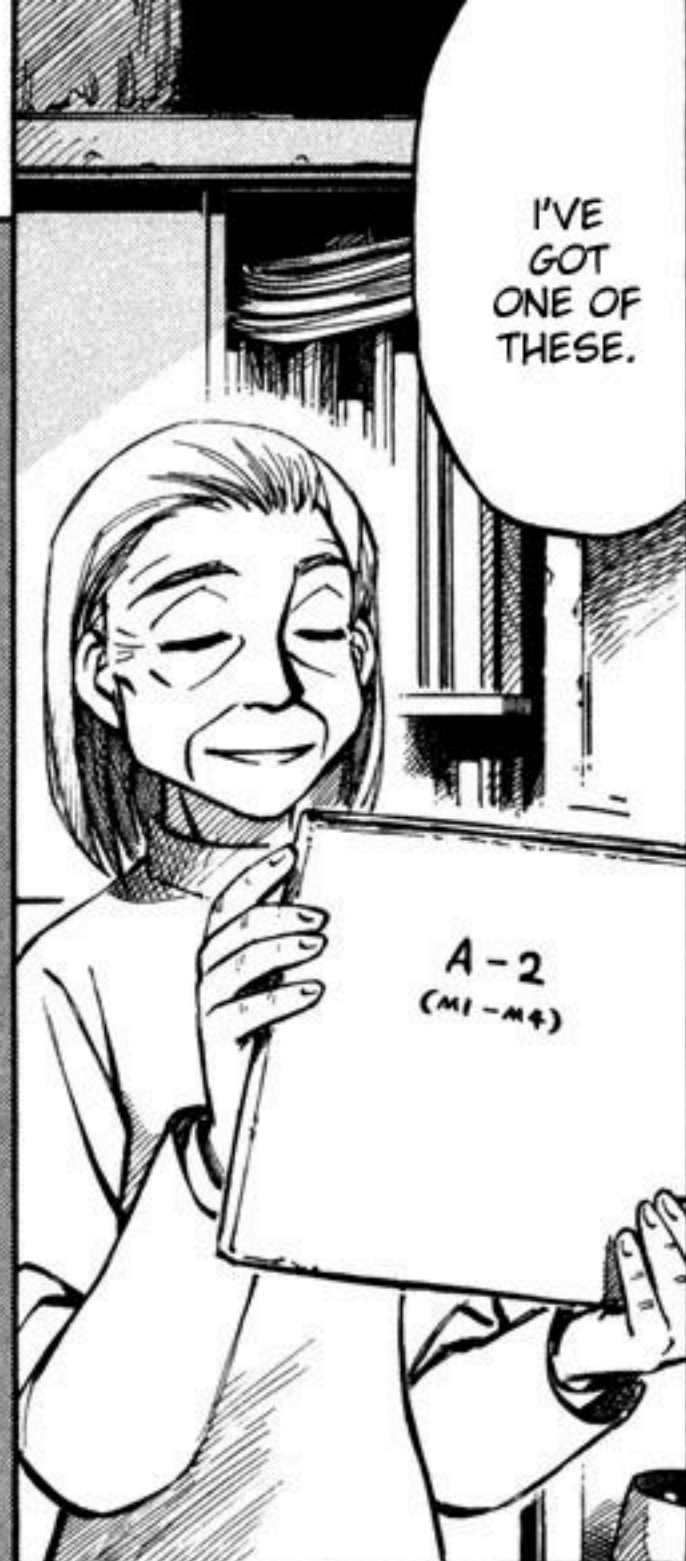
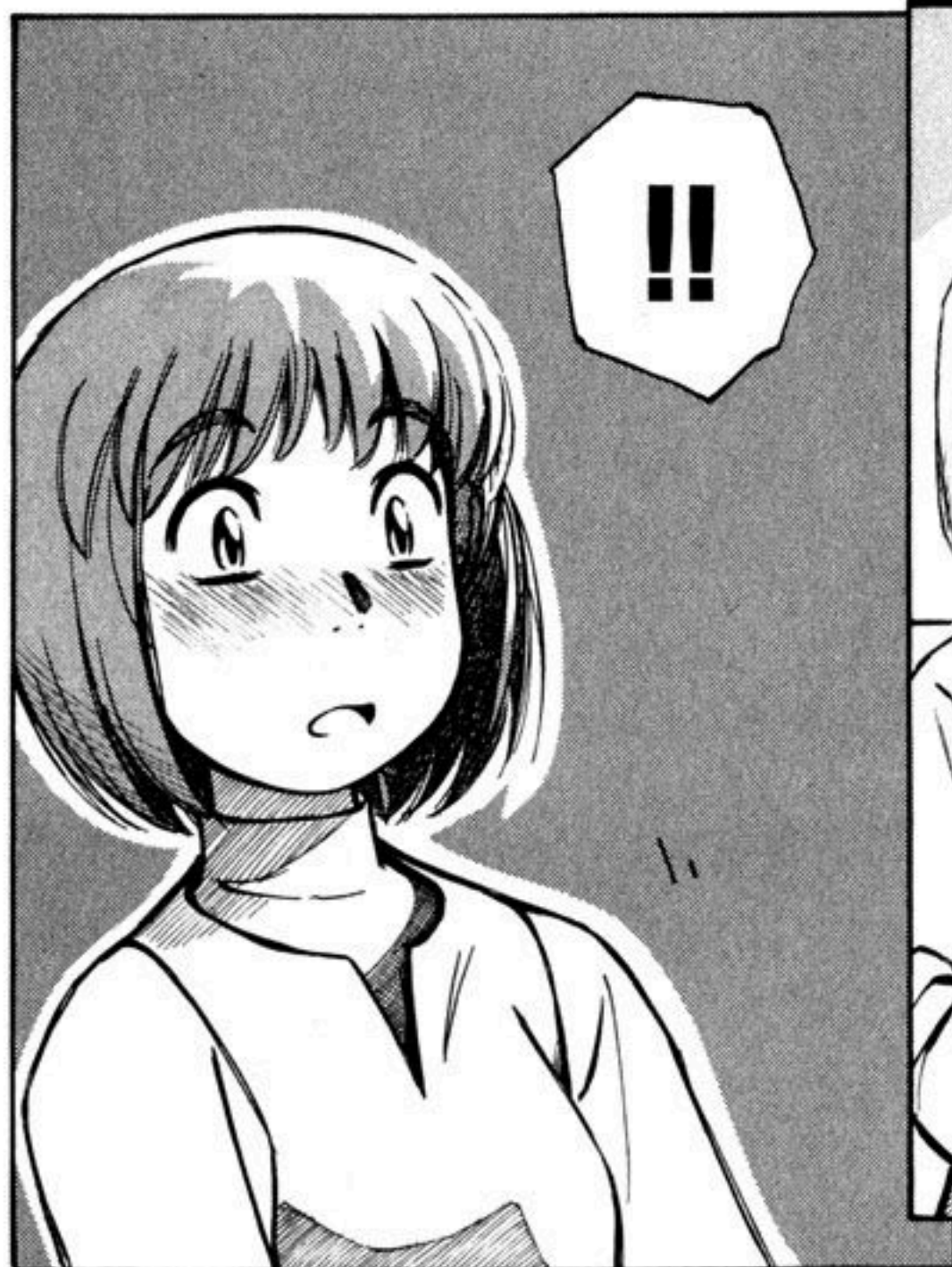


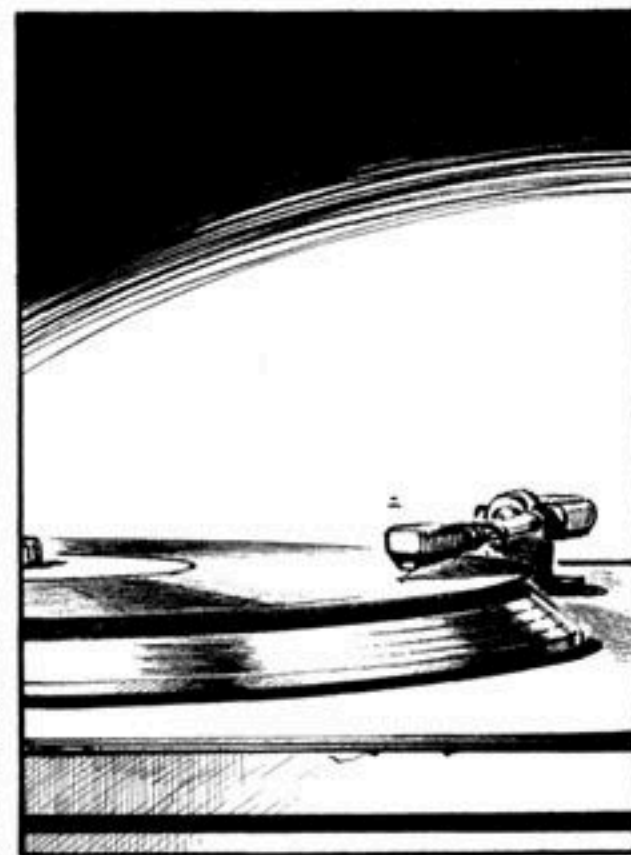
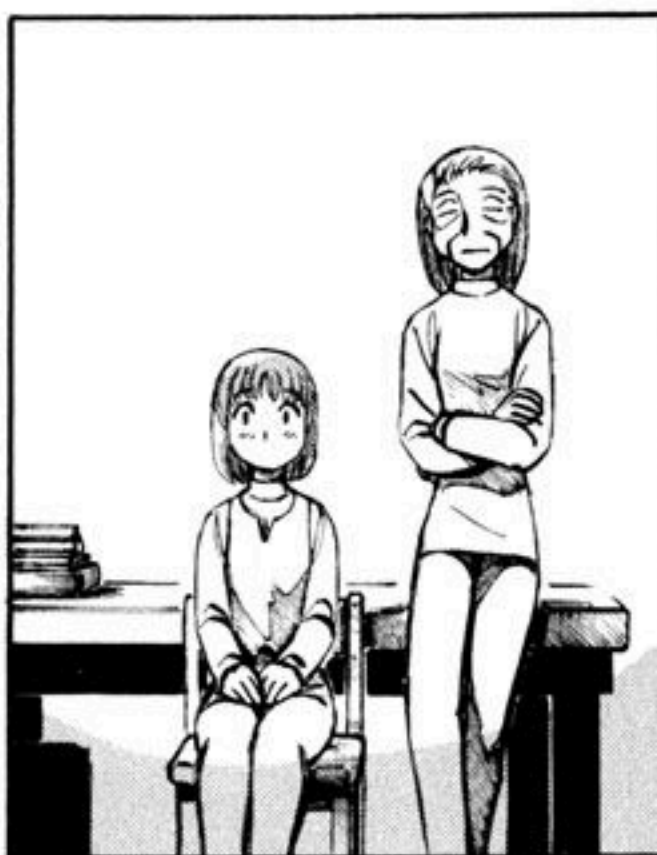
EVEN-
TUAL-
LY,
SHE WAS
TAKEN
AWAY
AGAIN.

AND
THEN,
MUCH,
MUCH
LATER
...











THE AIR FILLS WITH SOUND.
IS THIS MUSIC?
IT FEELS A BIT DIFFERENT.



SWEET. BITTER. A COOL
FEELING IN MY NOSE...
THE FEEL OF DRIED TWIGS
BREAKING BENEATH ME.

AH, YES.
THIS...
THIS RESEMBLES
THE LANDSCAPE
I KNOW.



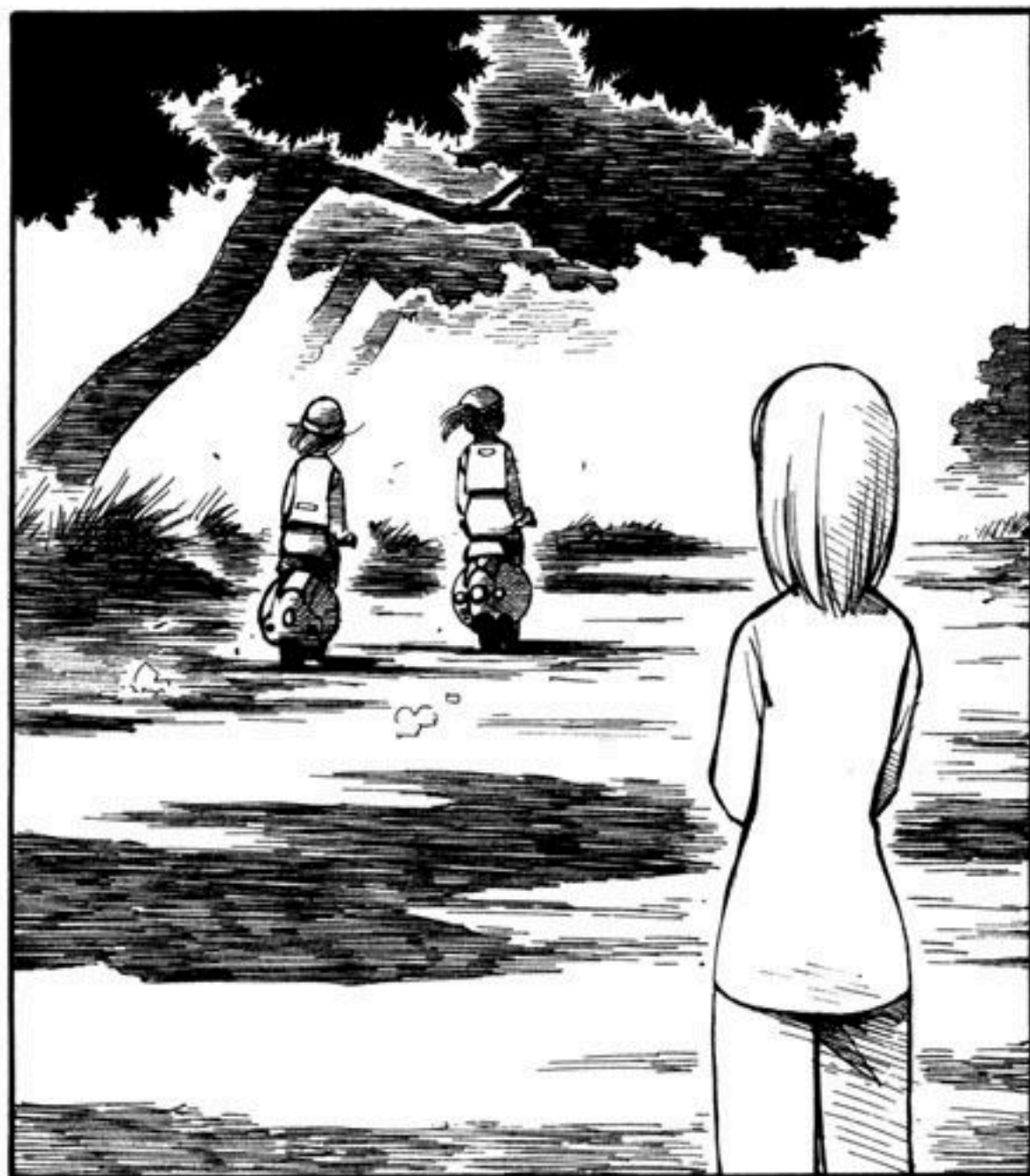








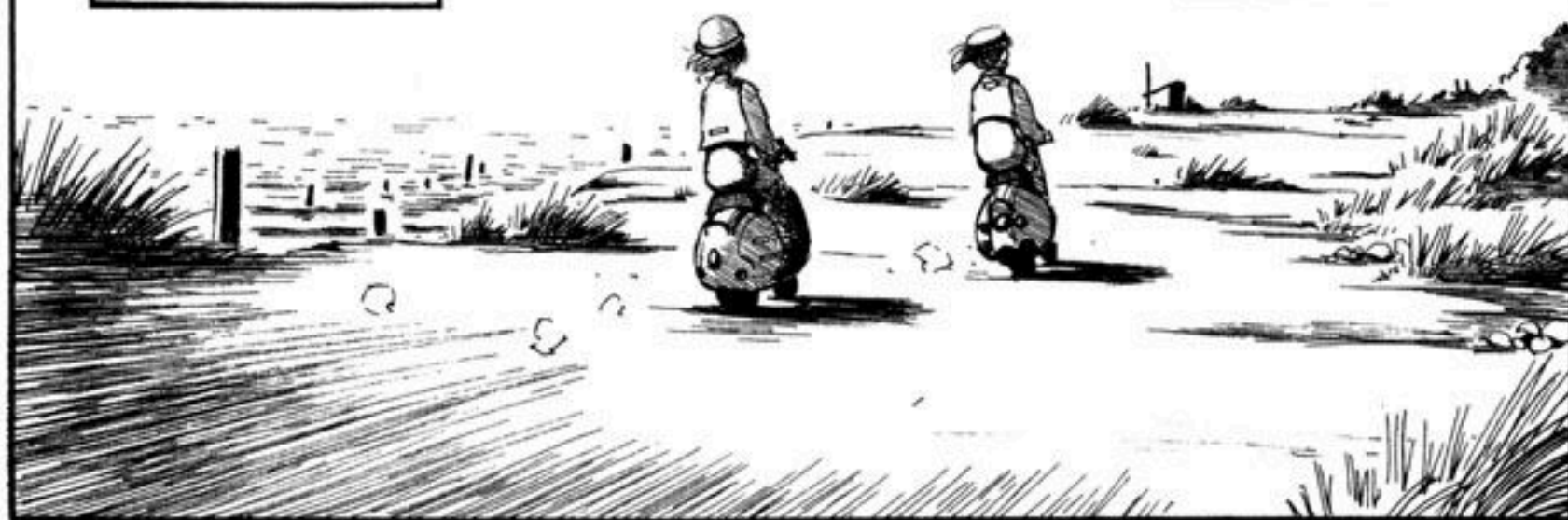
Story 84
Elevation 70m





I HAVEN'T
RIDDEN WITH
ALPHA SINCE
THE TIME SHE
SAW ME TO
THE ASAHINA
PASS.

NOON,
HEADING
SOUTH ON
A SAND-
COVERED
SEASIDE
ROAD.





I CAN SEE
WHY ALPHA
CALLED MY
HOME COUNTRY
OF MUSASHINO
"FLAT."

RIDING
AROUND
HERE...



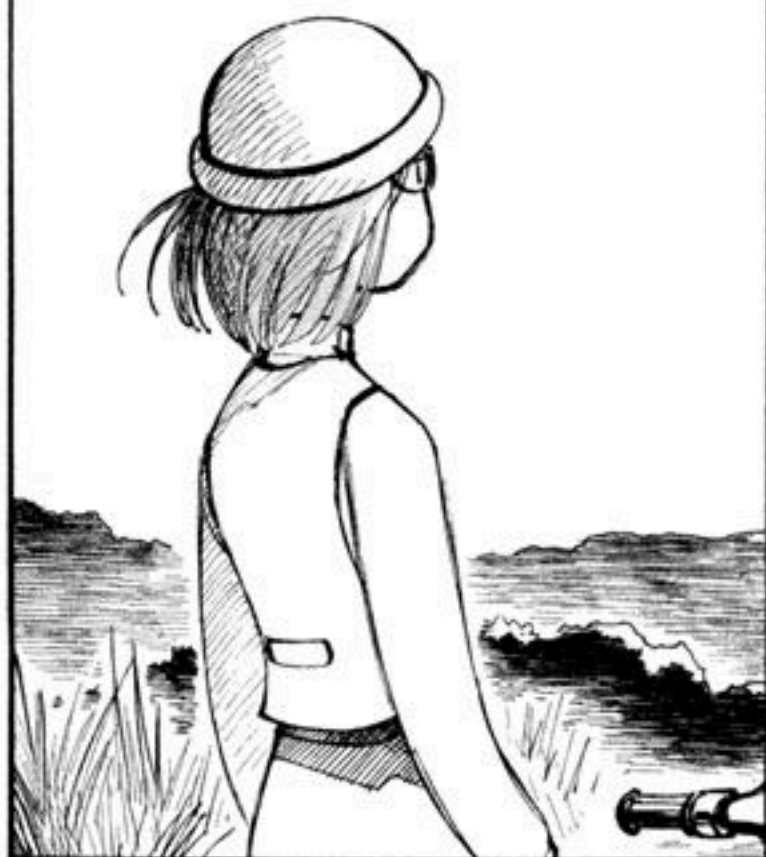
THE TUNNEL-
LIKE VALLEY
WE HAVE BEEN
FOLLOWING
SUDDENLY
TRANSFORMS
INTO A RIDGE.

THE ROADS
ALPHA CHOOSES
TO FOLLOW
WANDER UP
AND DOWN,
LEFT AND RIGHT,
UNDULATING
LIKE WAVES
ON THE
OCNEAN.





THE LIGHT
AND SMELL,
THE PAT-
TERNS OF
COLOR, ALL
RUSH UPON
THE ROAD.

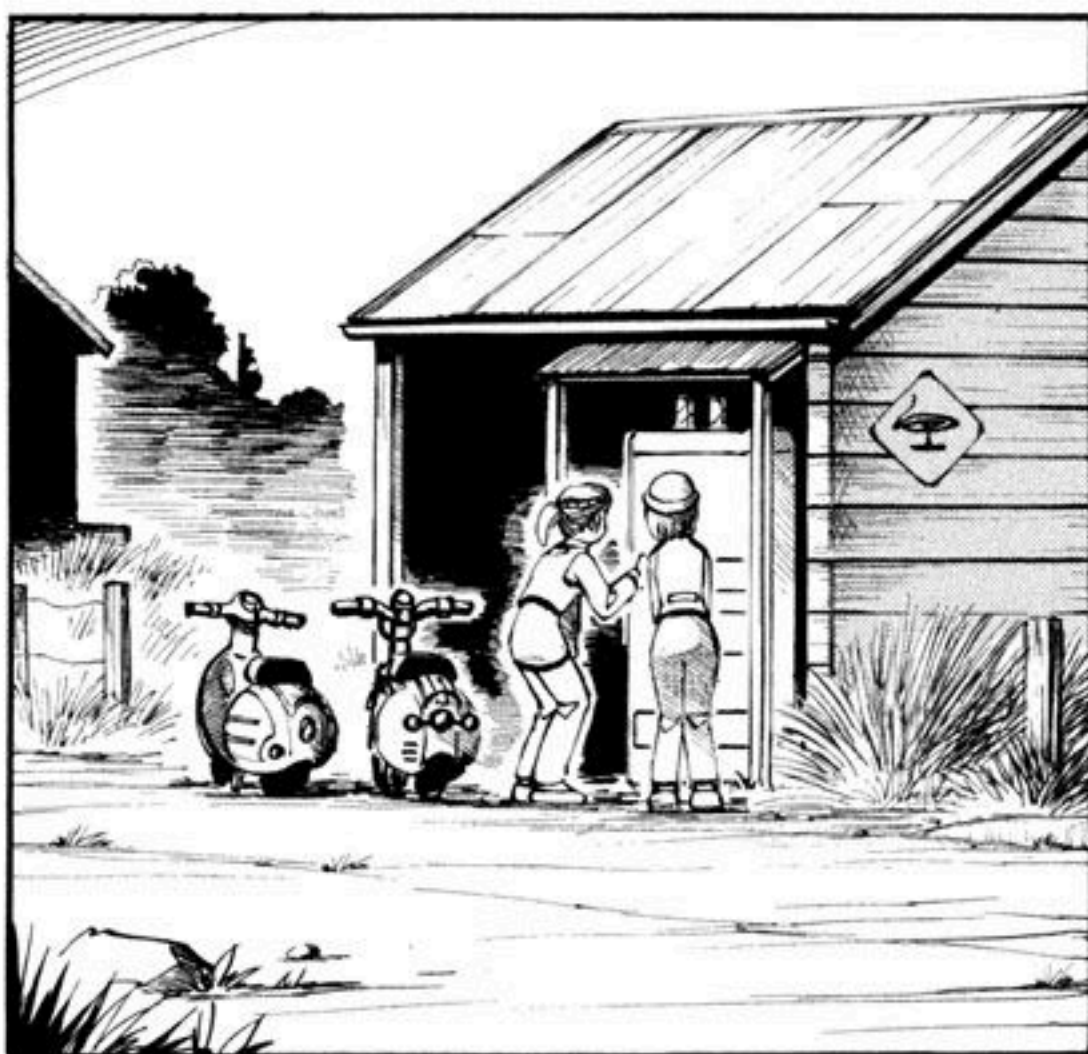
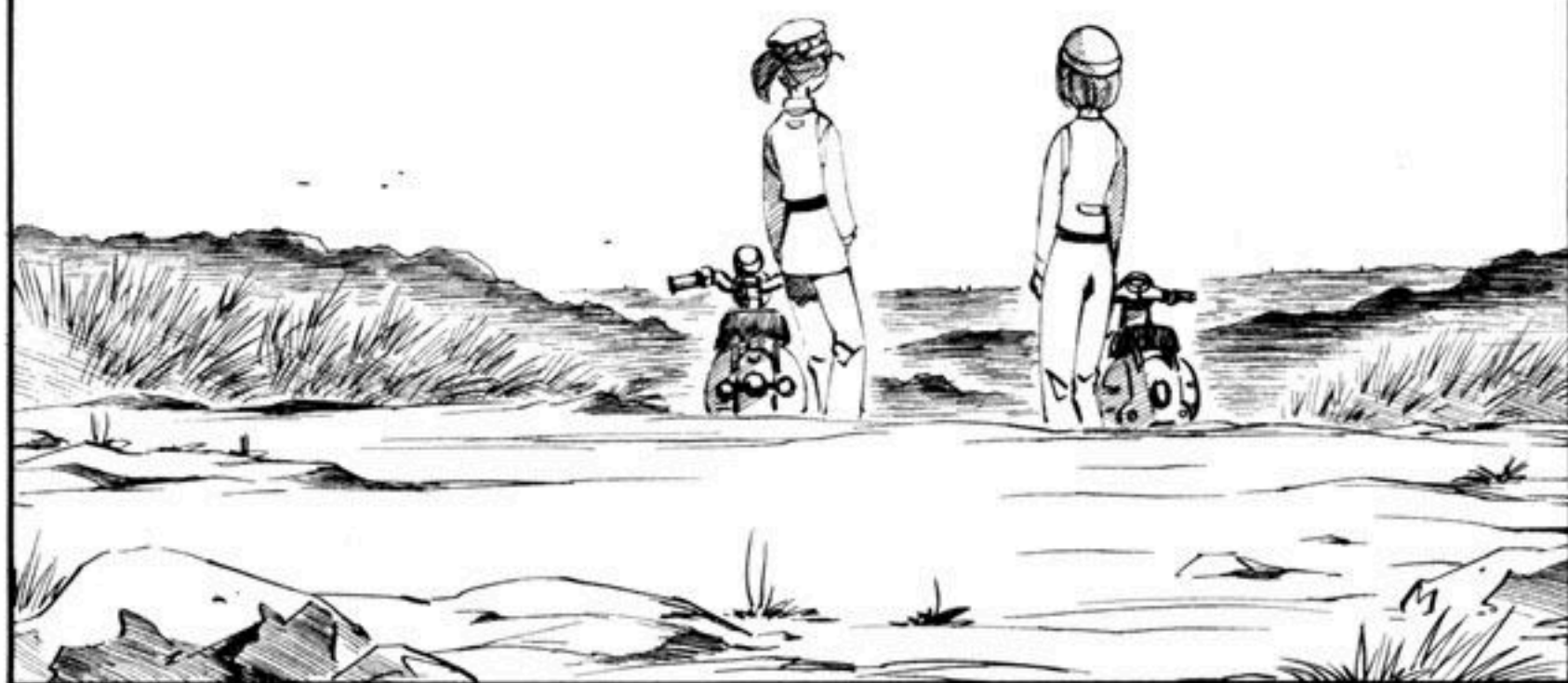


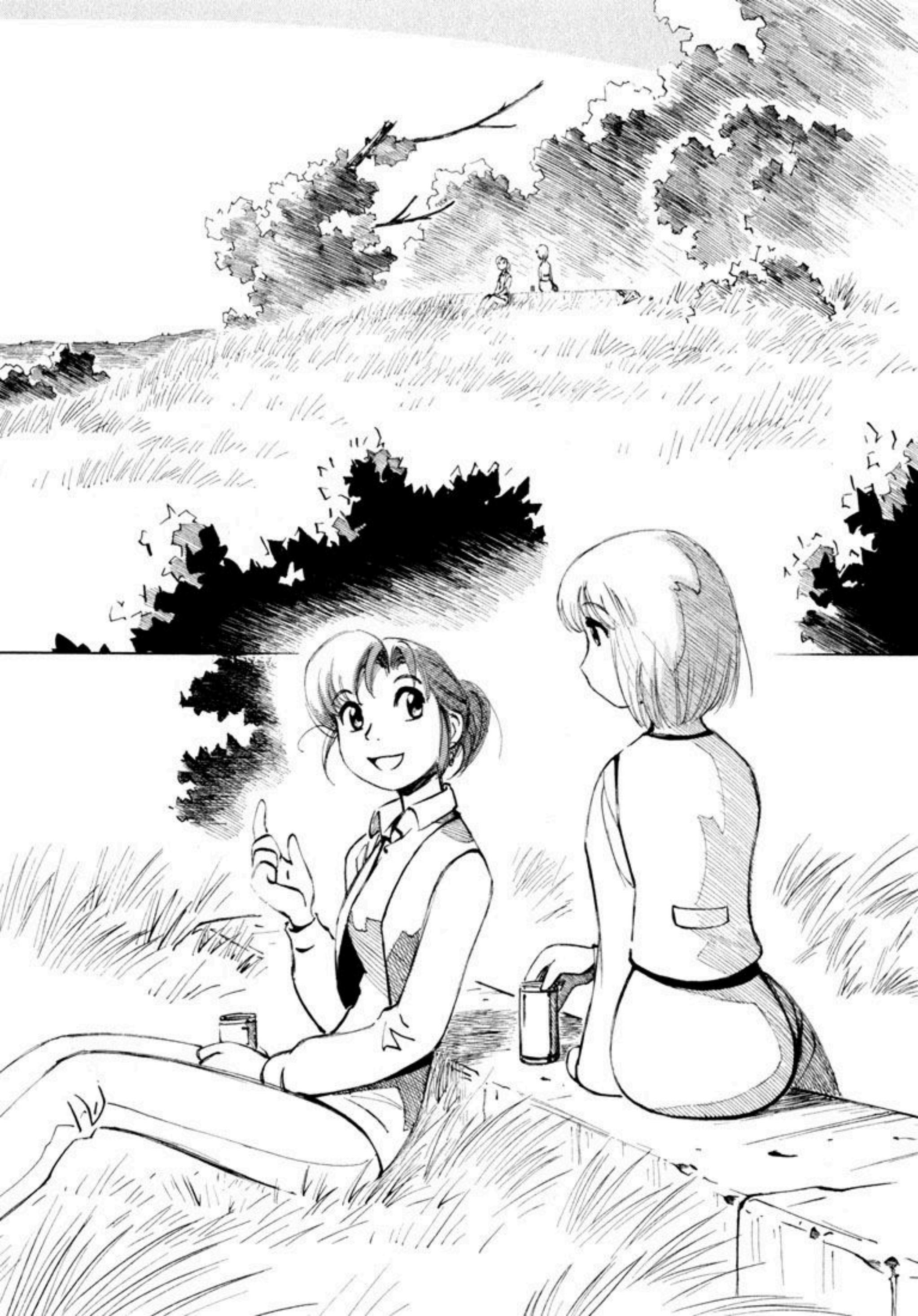
HERE WITHIN
THE MOUNT-
AINS LIES
A STRANGE,
STILL, BLUE
BODY OF
WATER.



ALTHOUGH
THIS LOOKS
LIKE A LAKE,
THIS IS THE
SEA, WHICH
HAS FOLLOWED
THE TWISTING
VALLEYS TO
COME HERE.

IT FEELS AS THOUGH
A PART OF MY BEING
WHICH I HAVE NEVER
USED BEFORE HAS
SUDDENLY OPENED.



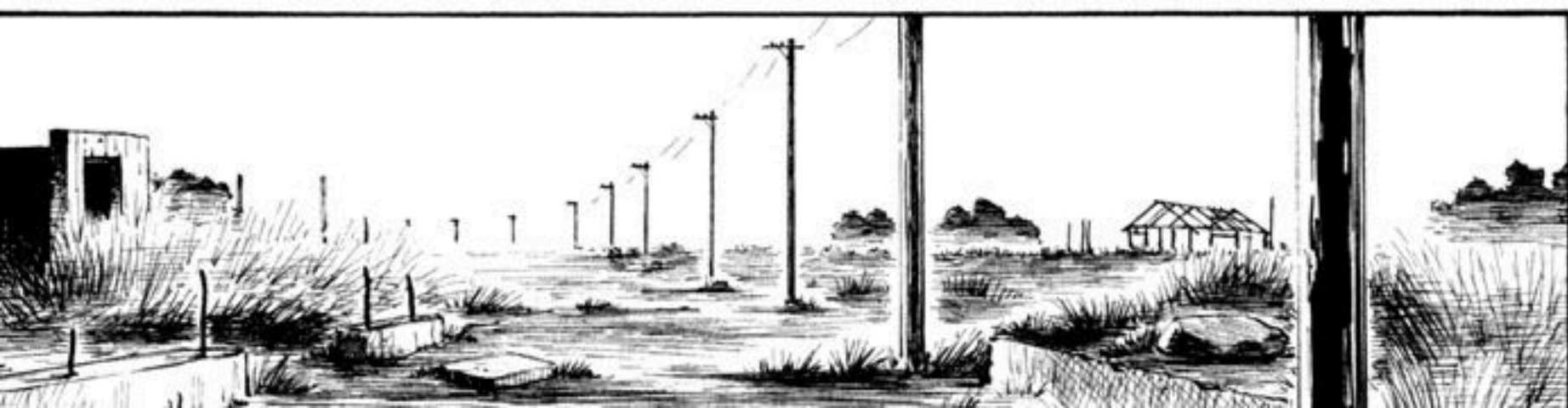
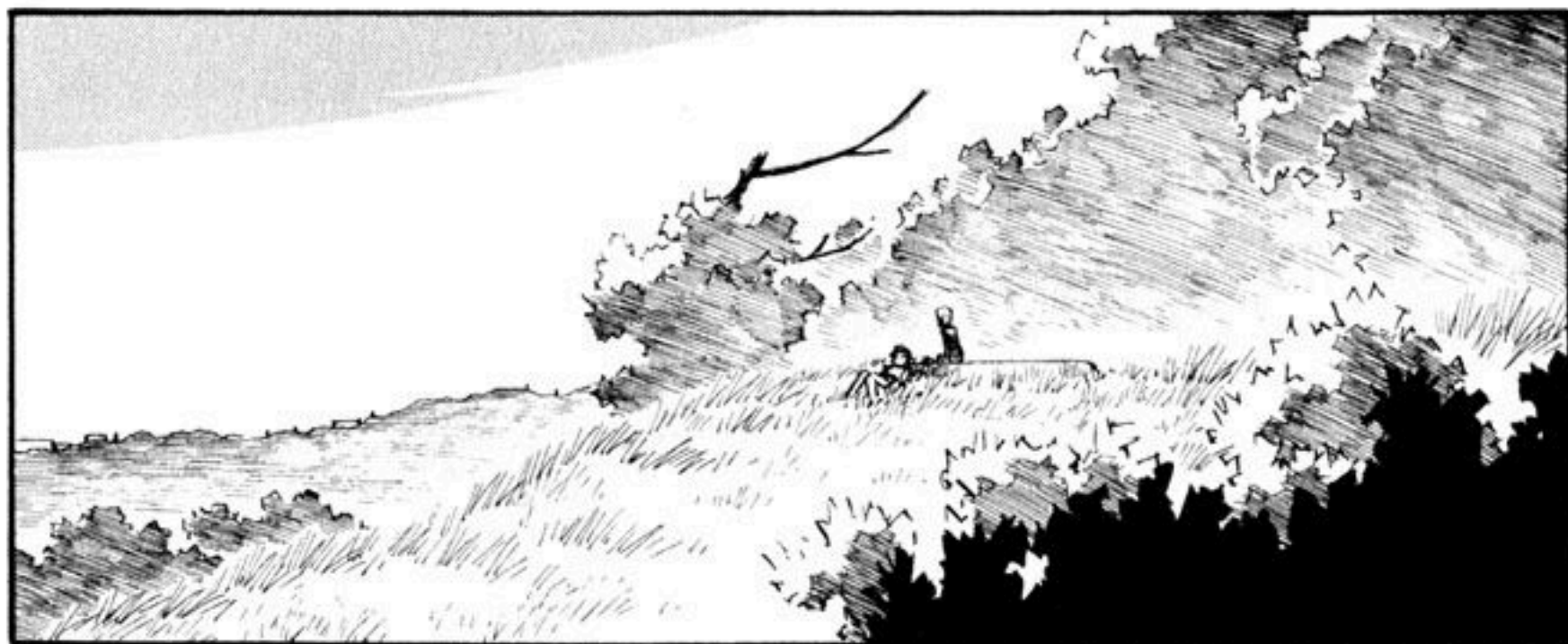


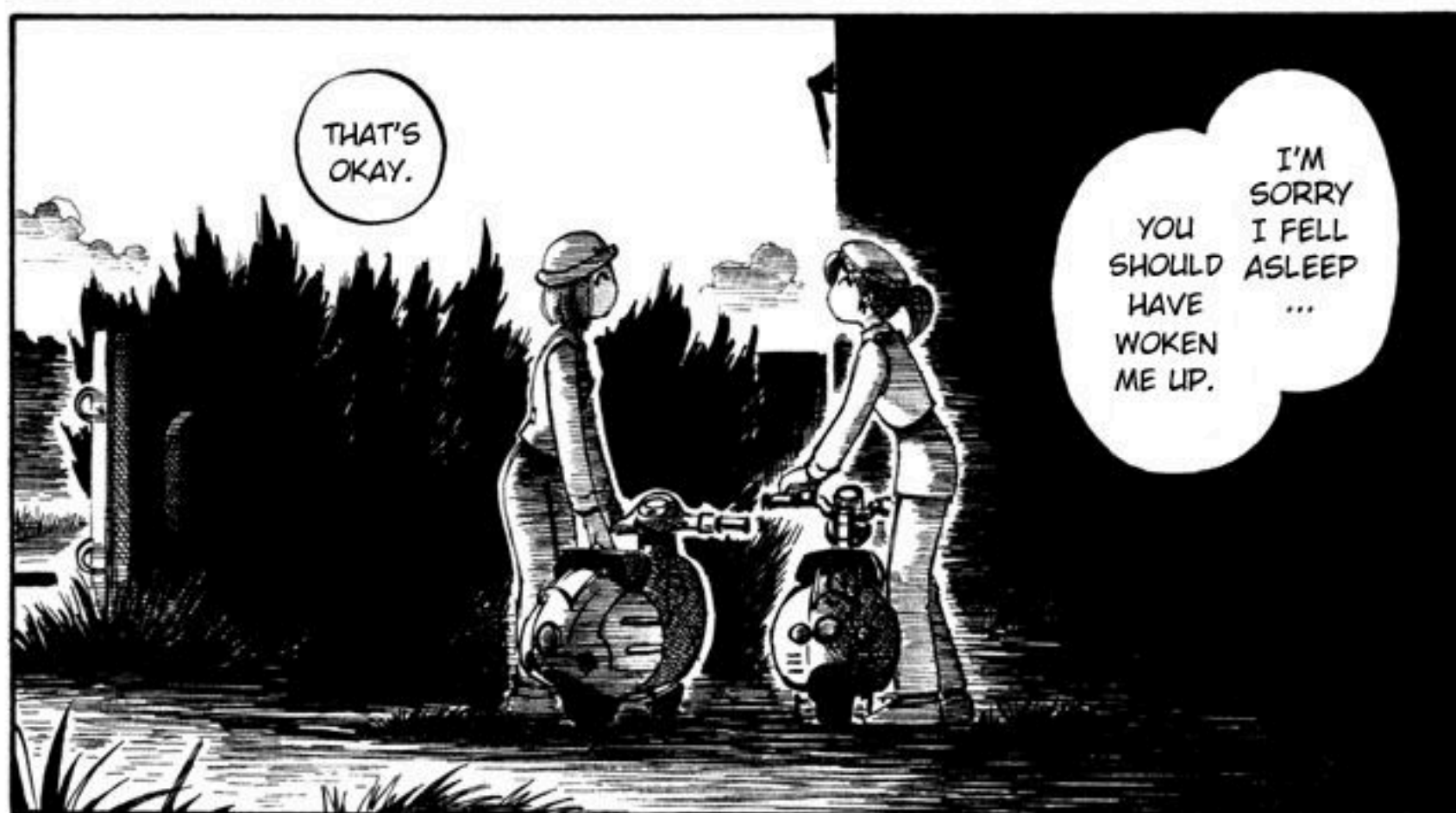


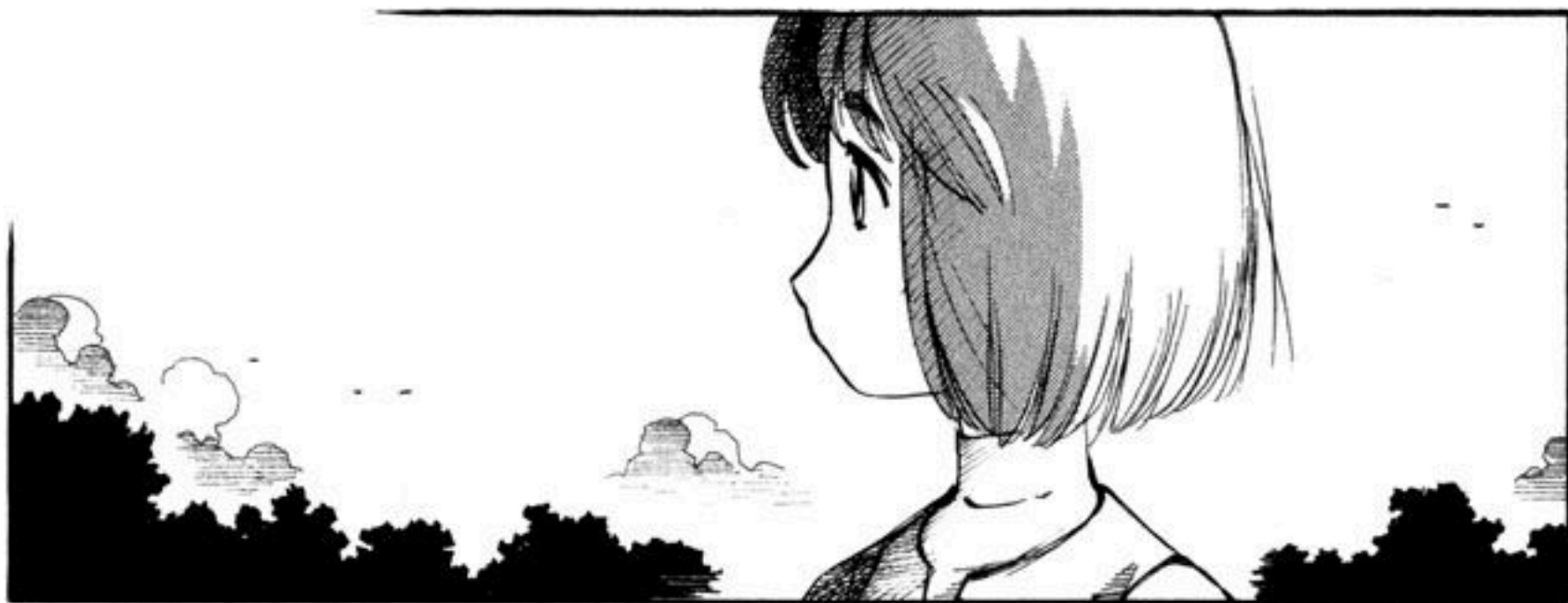


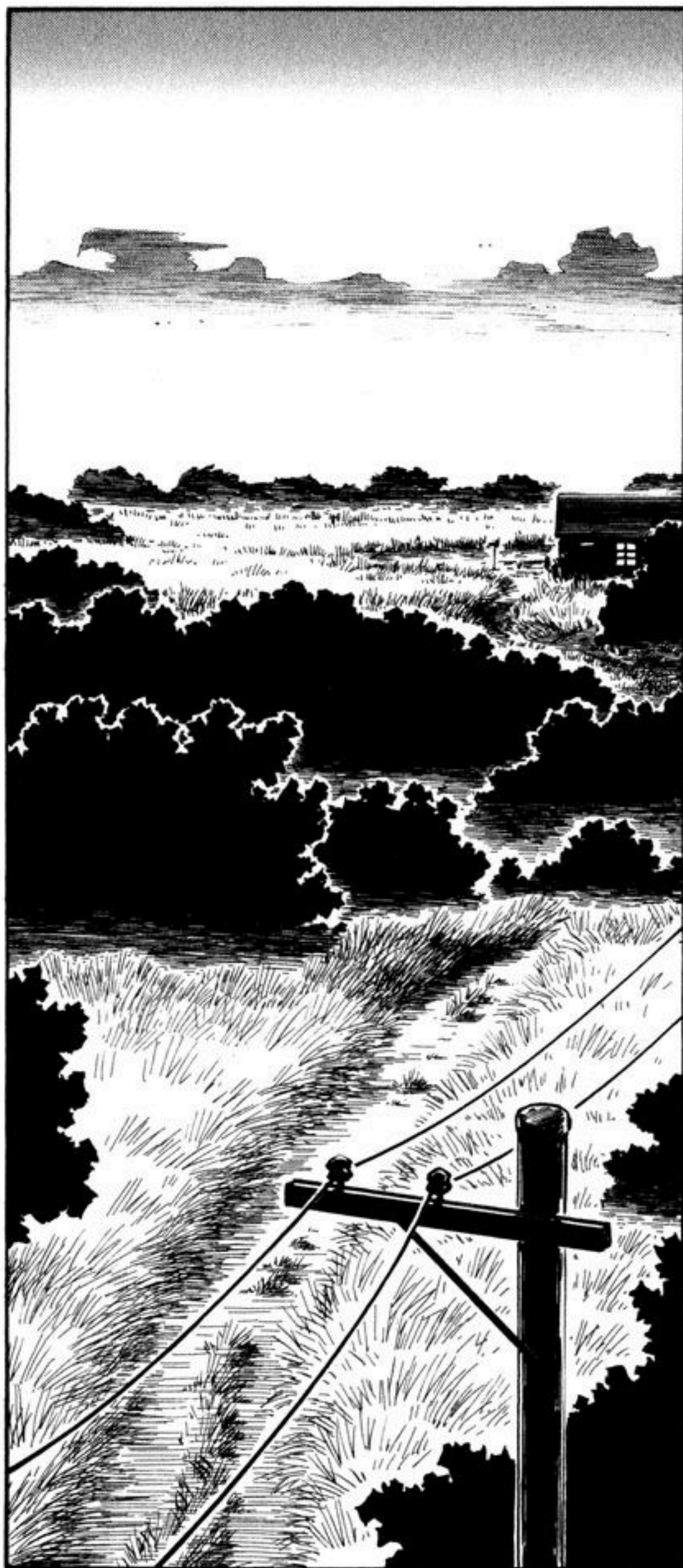














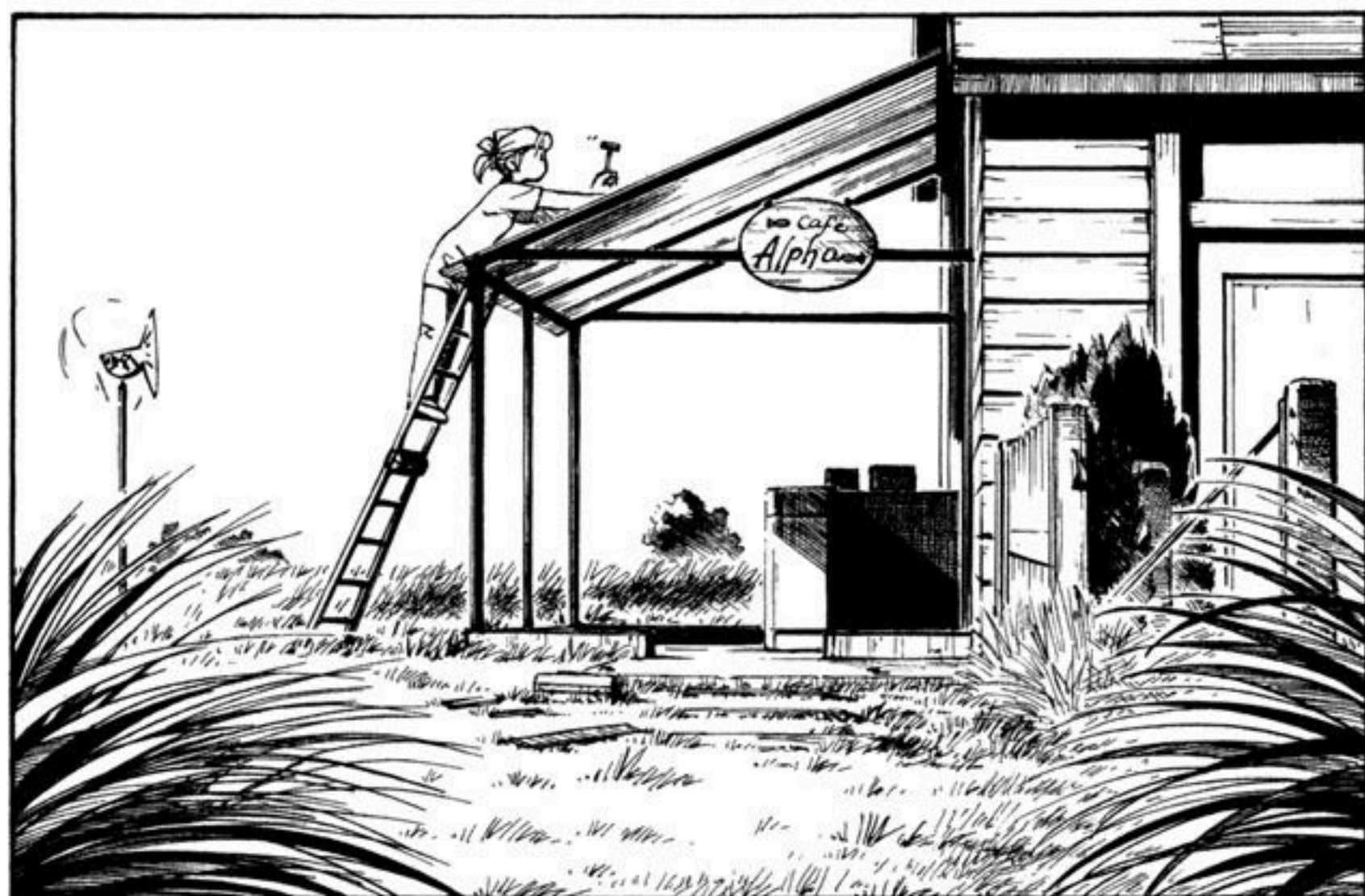


Story 85

Frog







I GOT A HOLD OF SOME
CORRUGATED SHEETING,
SO I BUILT AN AWNING.

THE SHEETING'S SYNTHETIC RESIN
IS A TRANSLUCENT MILKY COLOR.
WHEN I LOOK THROUGH IT FROM
BELOW, AN ORANGE RING OF
LIGHT SURROUNDS THE SUN.





IT STARTED
RAINING THE
NIGHT I PUT
THE AWNING
UP, AND HAS
CONTINUED
FOR THE
PAST FIVE
DAYS.



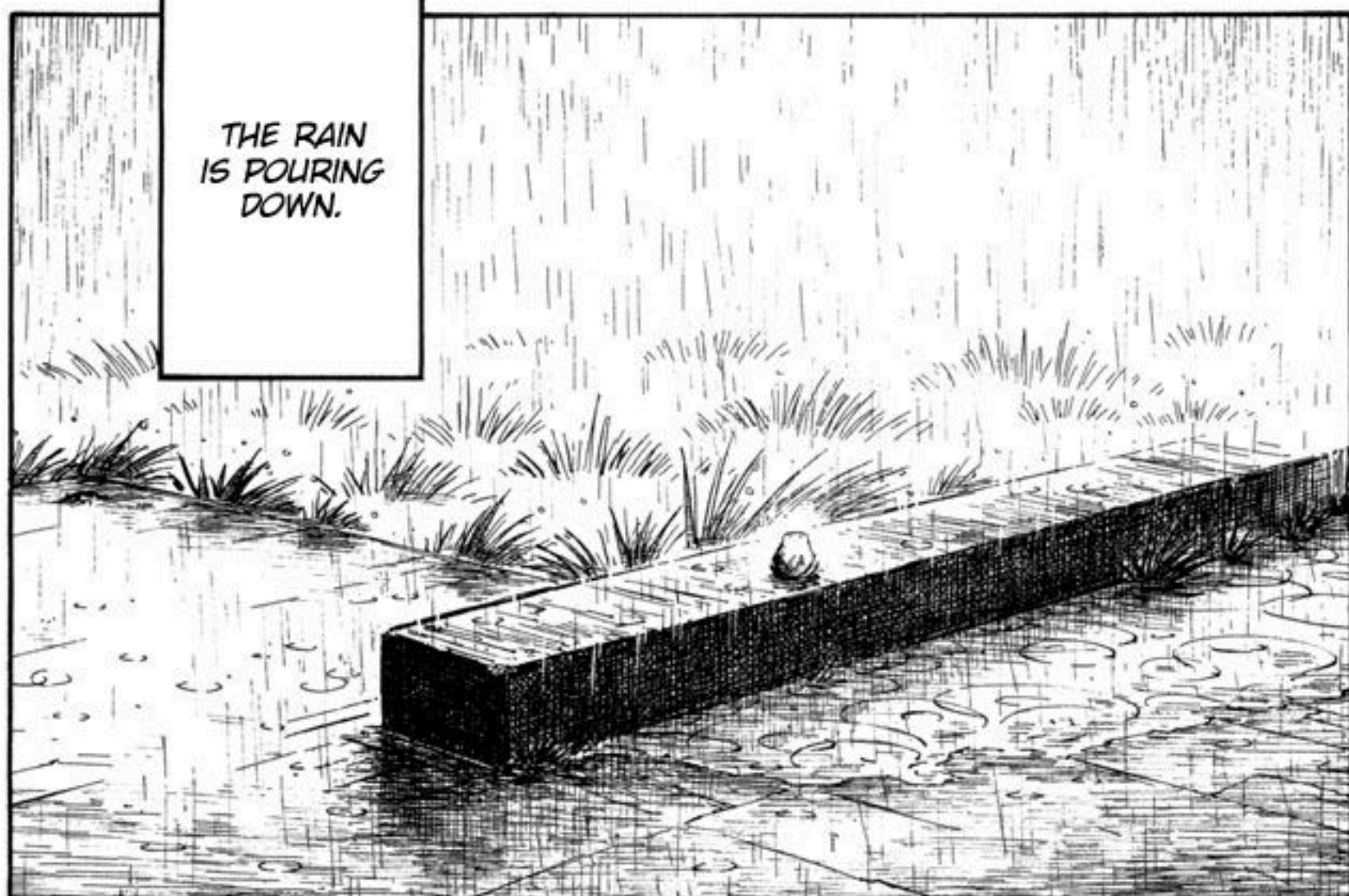
HOWEVER,
AFTER
HALF
A DAY,
I GOT
USED
TO IT.



THE RAIN
PATTERS
BUSILY
ON THE
THIN ROOF.

AT FIRST,
THE RACKET
BOTHERED ME,
ALTHOUGH
THERE WAS
NOTHING TO
BE DONE
ABOUT IT.

THE RAIN
IS POURING
DOWN.



STILL, AS
LONG AS
THE WIND
DOESN'T
PICK UP,
I CAN STAY
HERE WITH-
OUT GETTING
WET.



IT'S NOT LIKE ANY CUSTOMERS
ARE GOING TO COME.

AND I'M NOT REALLY READY
TO OPEN THE SHOP.

SO THERE ISN'T REALLY ANY
REASON FOR ME TO STAY
HERE ALL DAY.



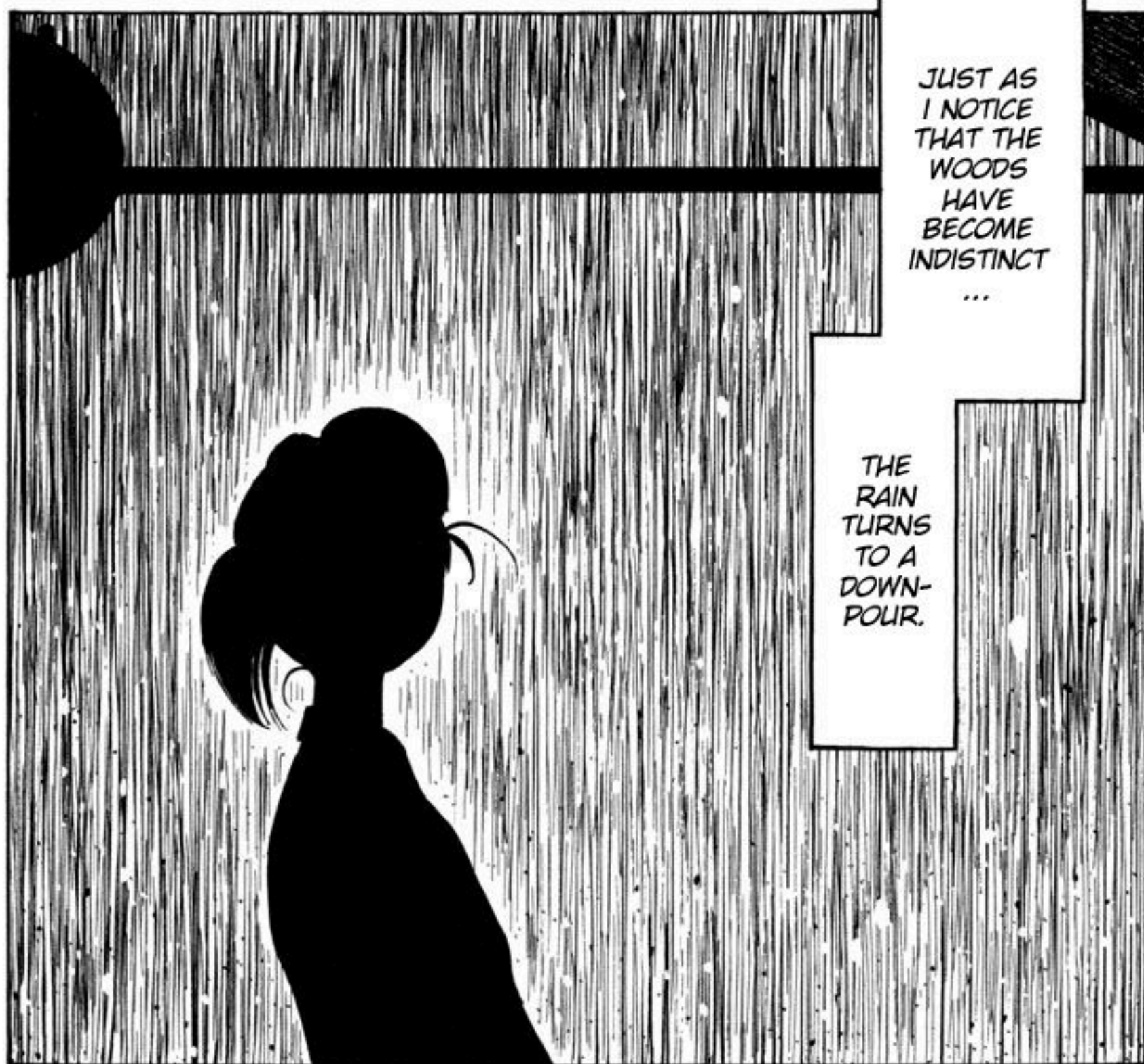
BUT I'VE SPENT EVEN
MORE TIME OUT HERE
THAN I DO WHEN THE
WEATHER IS GOOD.



IT
SUDD-
ENLY
DARK-
ENS.

THE SUR-
ROUNDING
SCENERY
SEEMS
ODDLY
YELLOW.





THE WOOD
IS SOON
STICKY
WITH
MOISTURE.

I CAN
HEAR
NOTHING
BUT THE
RAIN.



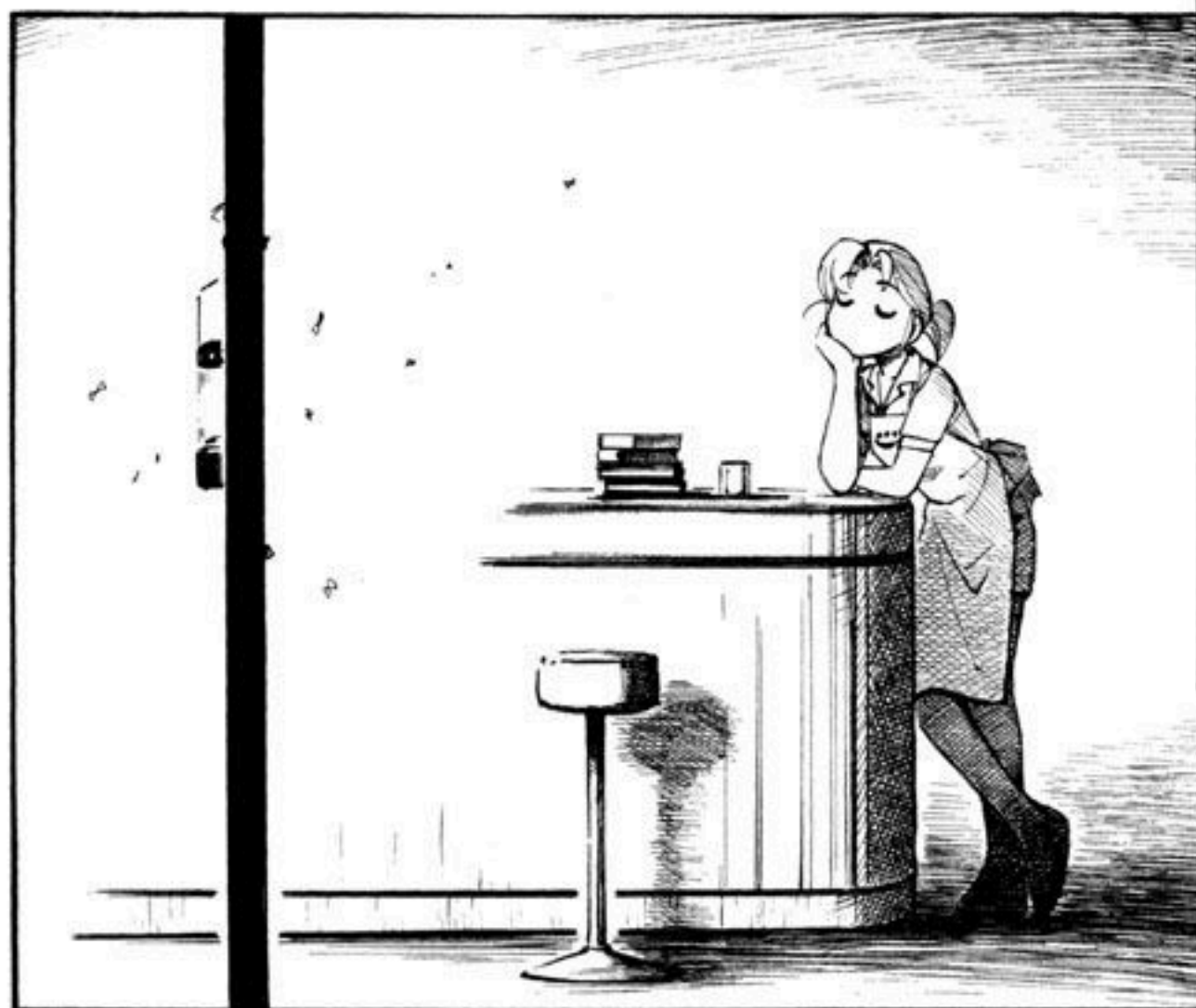
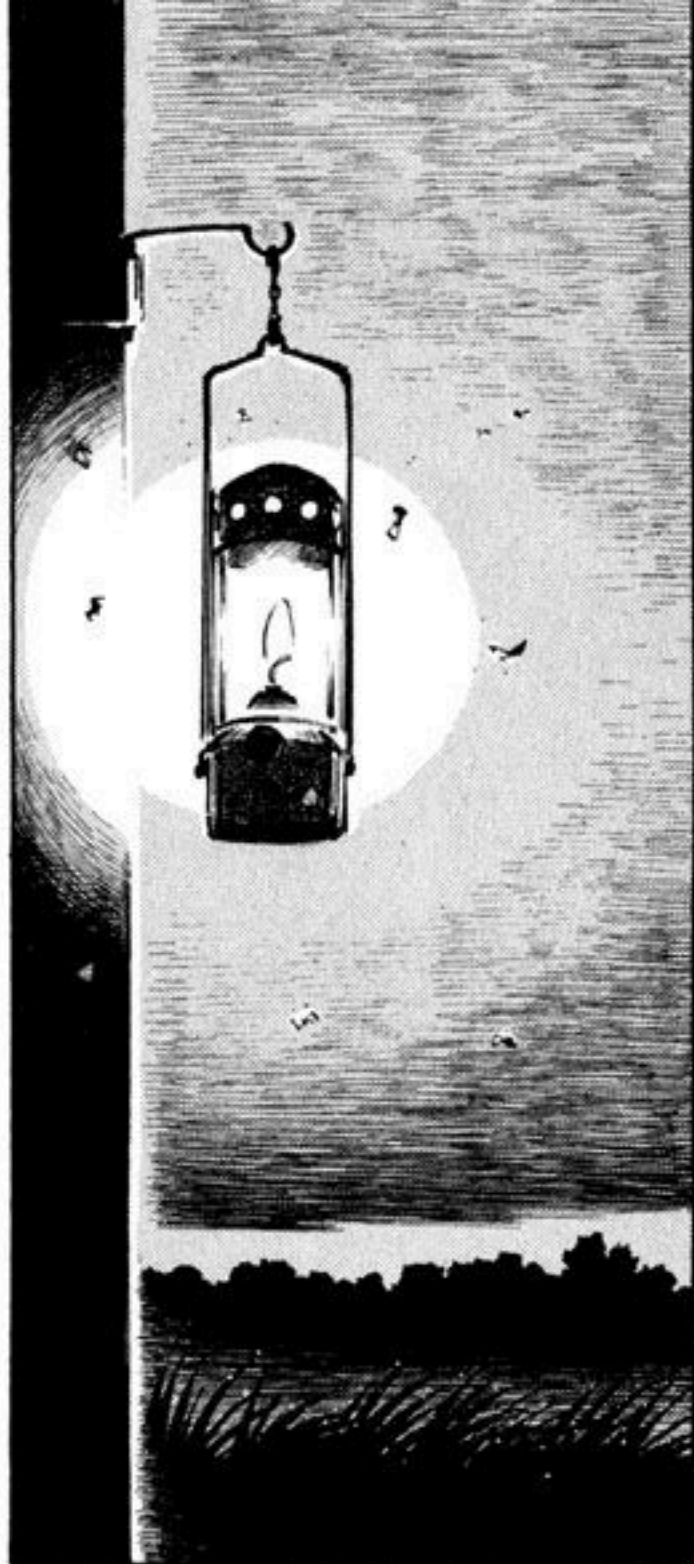




AS THE RAIN LETS UP,
BIT BY BIT I CAN SEE
THE SURROUNDING TREES.

ALTHOUGH IT'S STILL LIGHT,
TWO STREETLIGHTS HAVE
TURNED ON.





THERE USUALLY
AREN'T VERY
MANY BUGS
THIS CLOSE TO
THE OCEAN,
BUT TONIGHT
THEY'RE OUT
IN FORCE.

A MOSQUITO BUZZES
AROUND ME.

IT LANDS ON MY ARM.

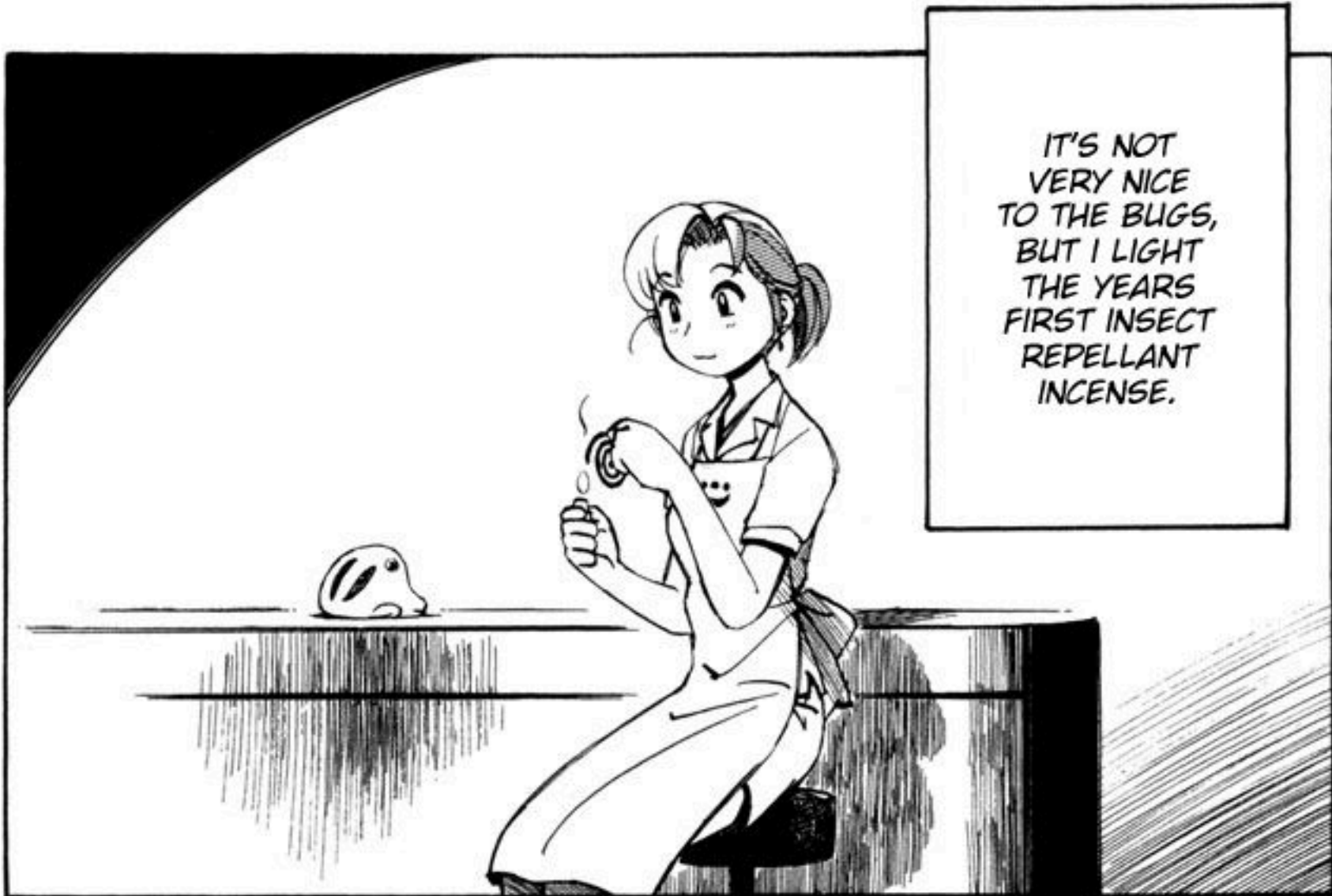


AND THEN...



LOOKING SLIGHTLY
TROUBLED...
IT FLIES AWAY AGAIN.





IT'S NOT
VERY NICE
TO THE BUGS,
BUT I LIGHT
THE YEARS
FIRST INSECT
REPELLANT
INCENSE.



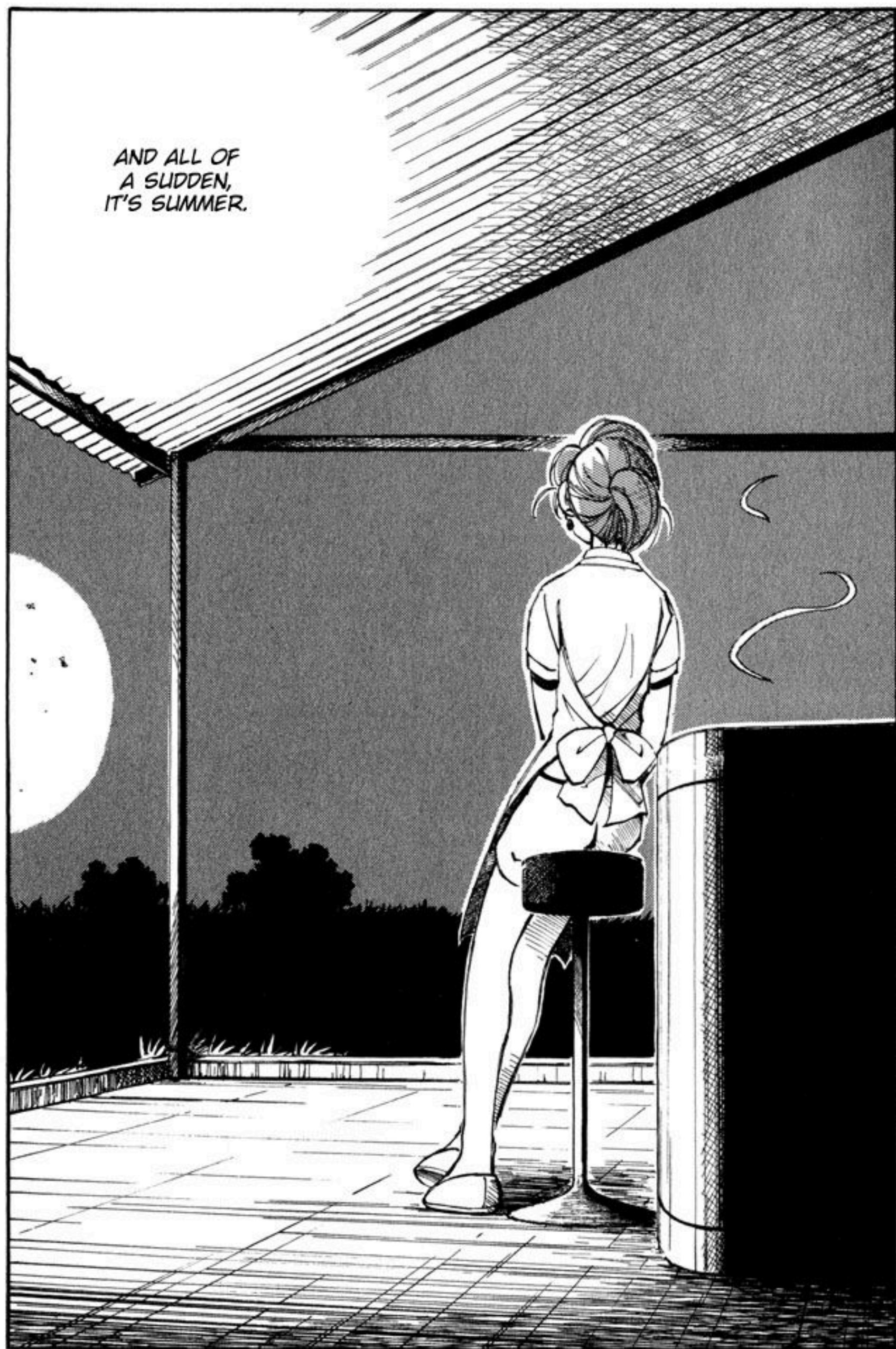
THE INSTANT I LIGHT IT,
FIVE OR SIX TAKE FLIGHT.



AT THE SAME TIME,
I'M OVERCOME BY A
SUDDEN FEELING
OF LONELINESS.



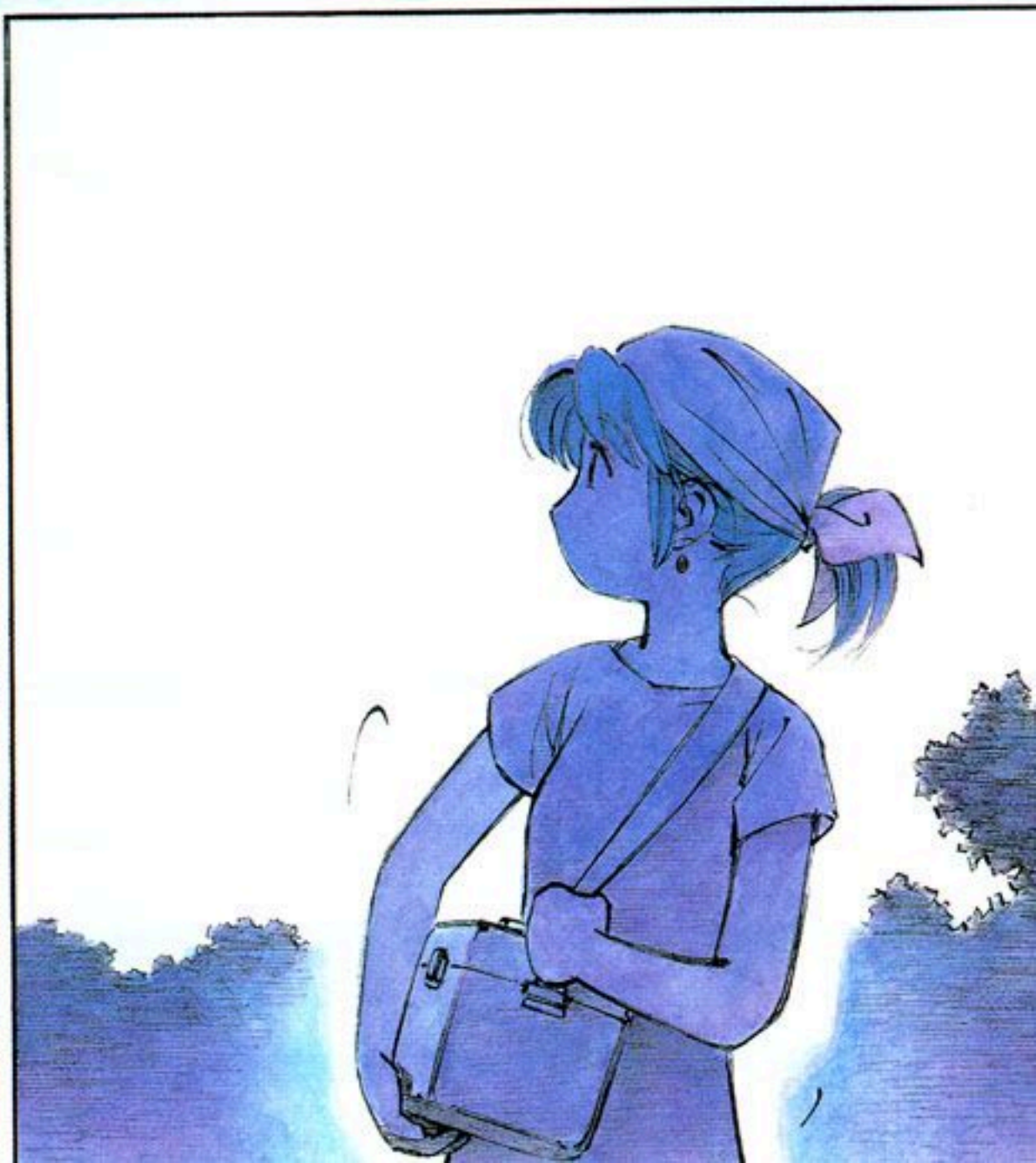
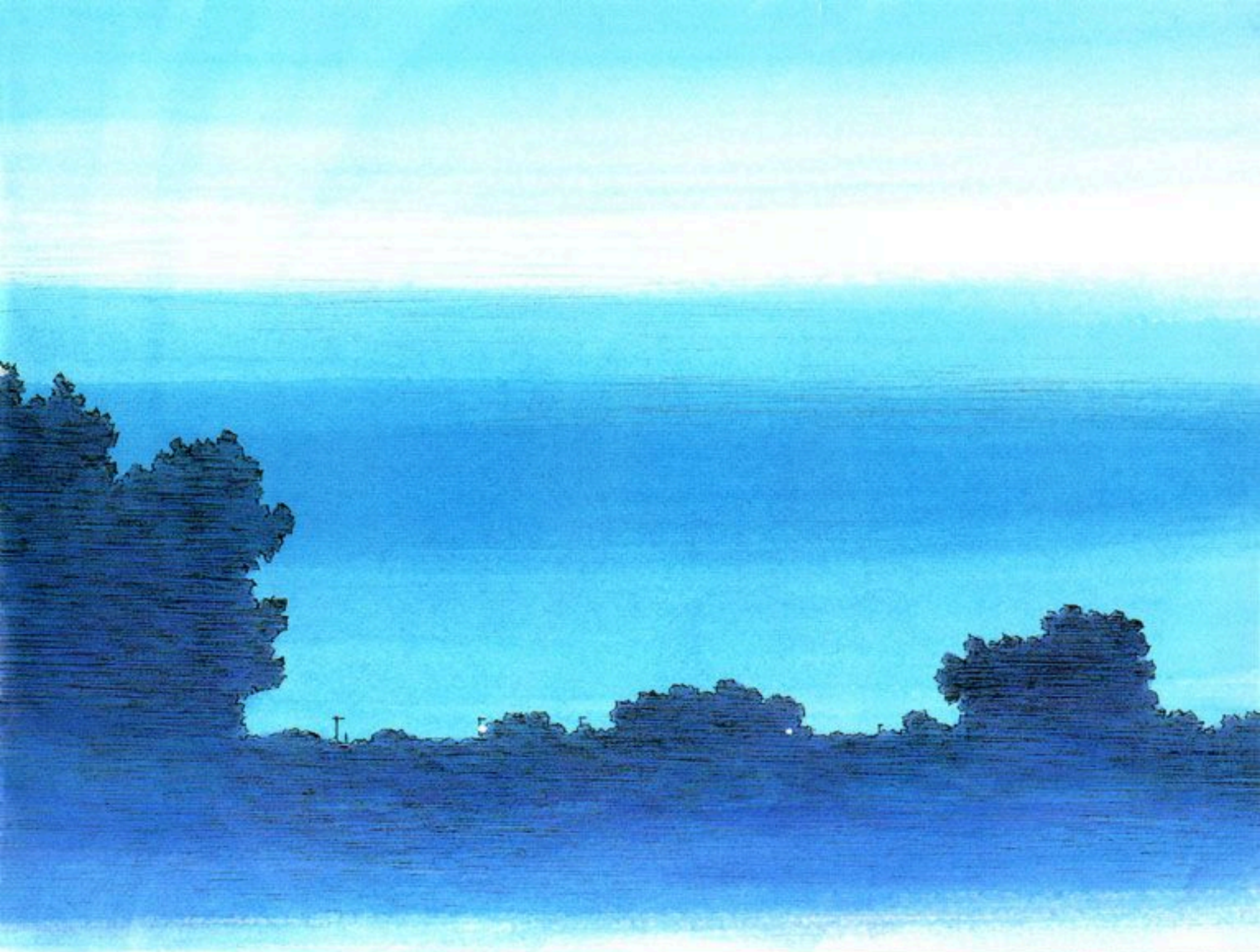
AND ALL OF
A SUDDEN,
IT'S SUMMER.

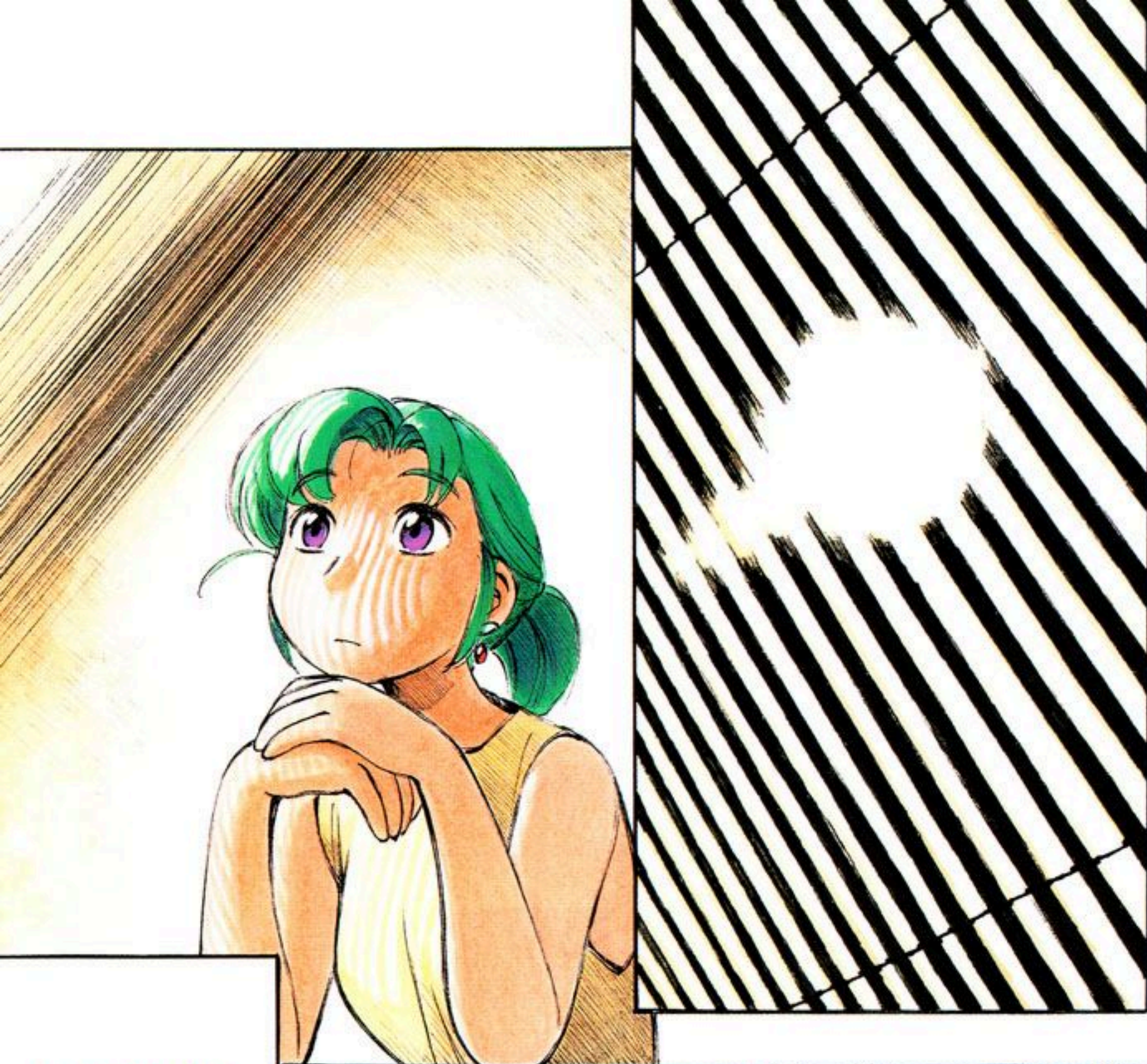


Story 86

Tired Ahh



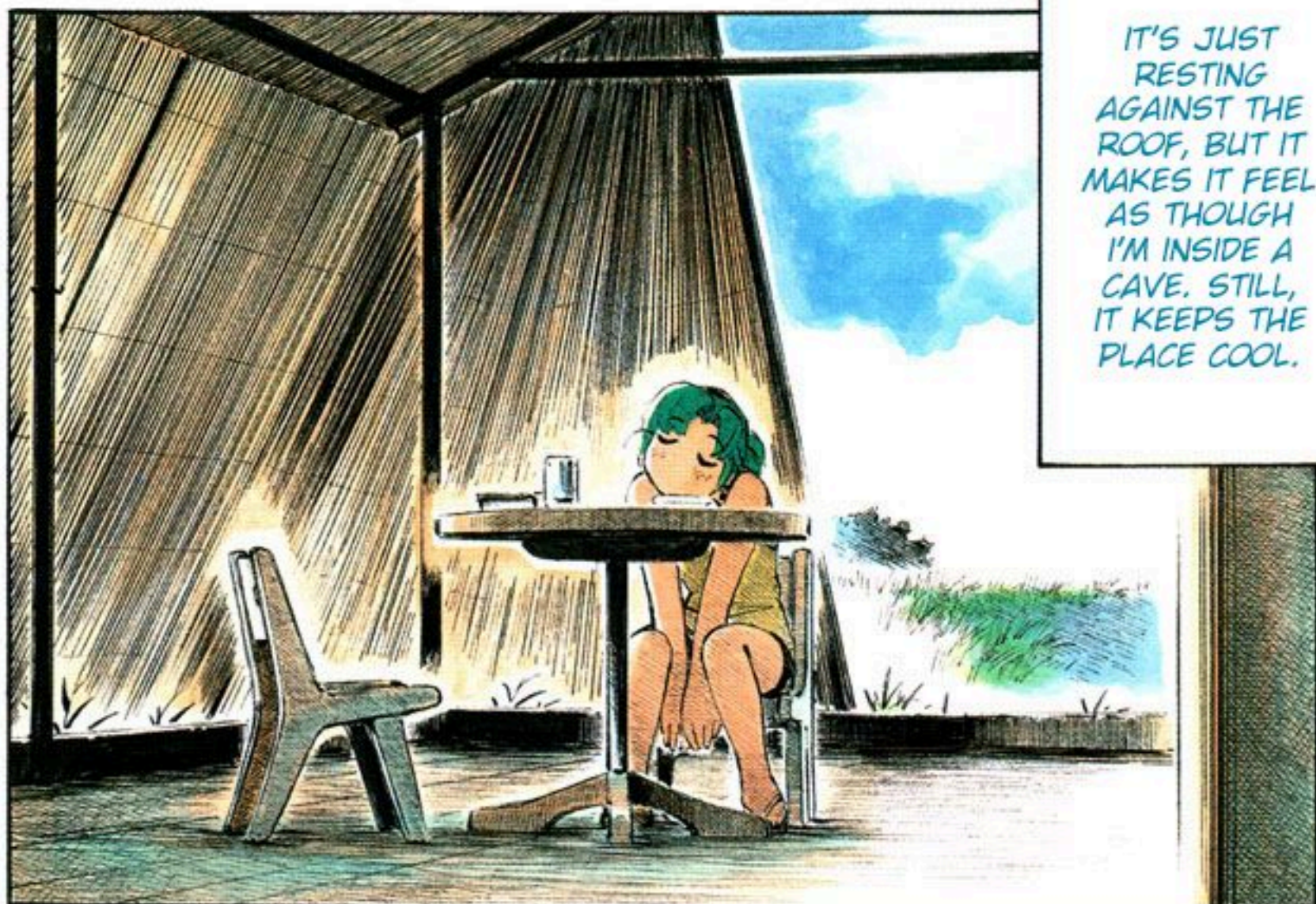




I TRIED PUTTING
UP A REED
SCREEN AROUND
THE SHOP.



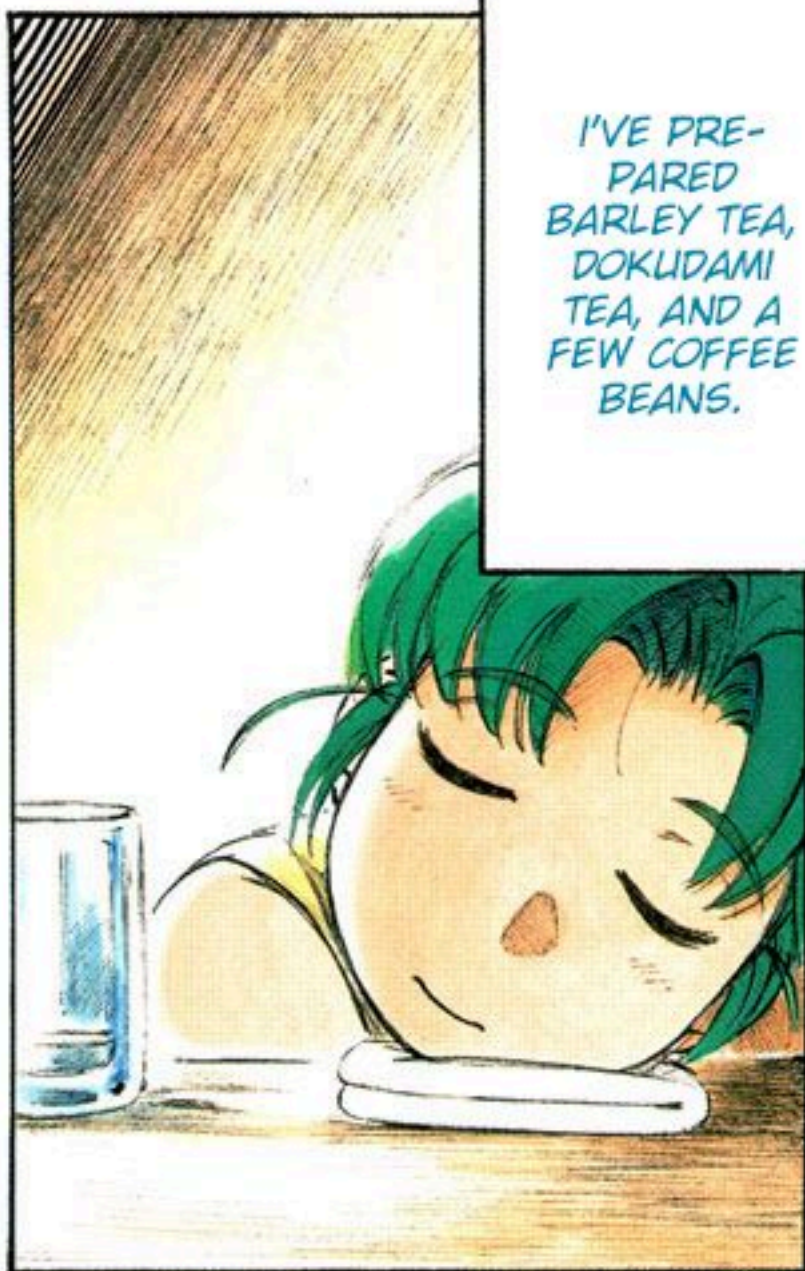
IT'S JUST
RESTING
AGAINST THE
ROOF, BUT IT
MAKES IT FEEL
AS THOUGH
I'M INSIDE A
CAVE. STILL,
IT KEEPS THE
PLACE COOL.



I FIGURED
I'D HAVE
AS FEW
CUSTOMERS
AS EVER.

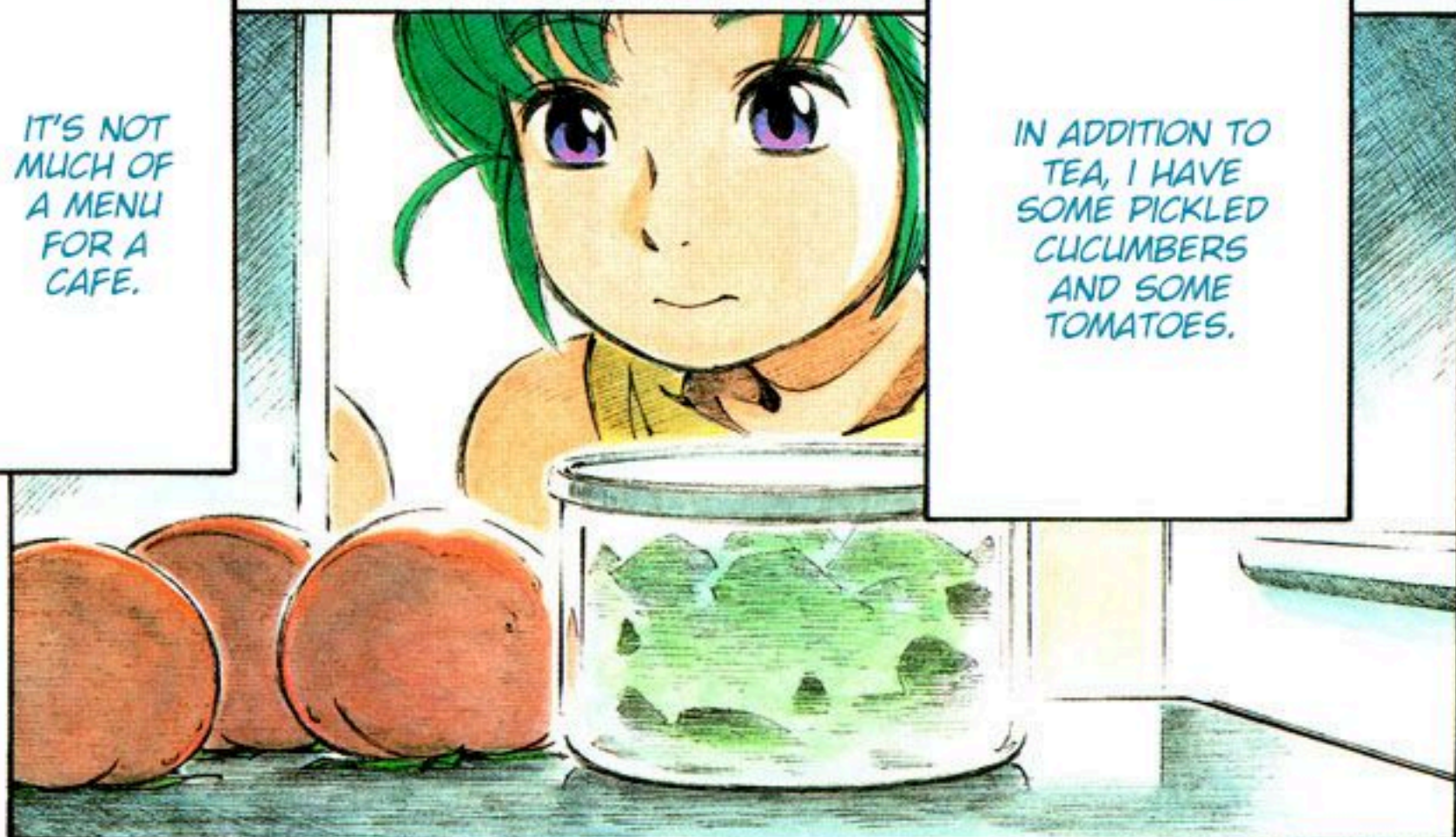
I'VE PRE-
PARED
BARLEY TEA,
DOKUDAMI
TEA, AND A
FEW COFFEE
BEANS.

A NUMBER OF
PEOPLE PASSED
BY, HOWEVER,
ON THEIR WAY
FISHING, OR
JUST OUT
FOR A WALK.
QUITE A FEW
STOP BY.



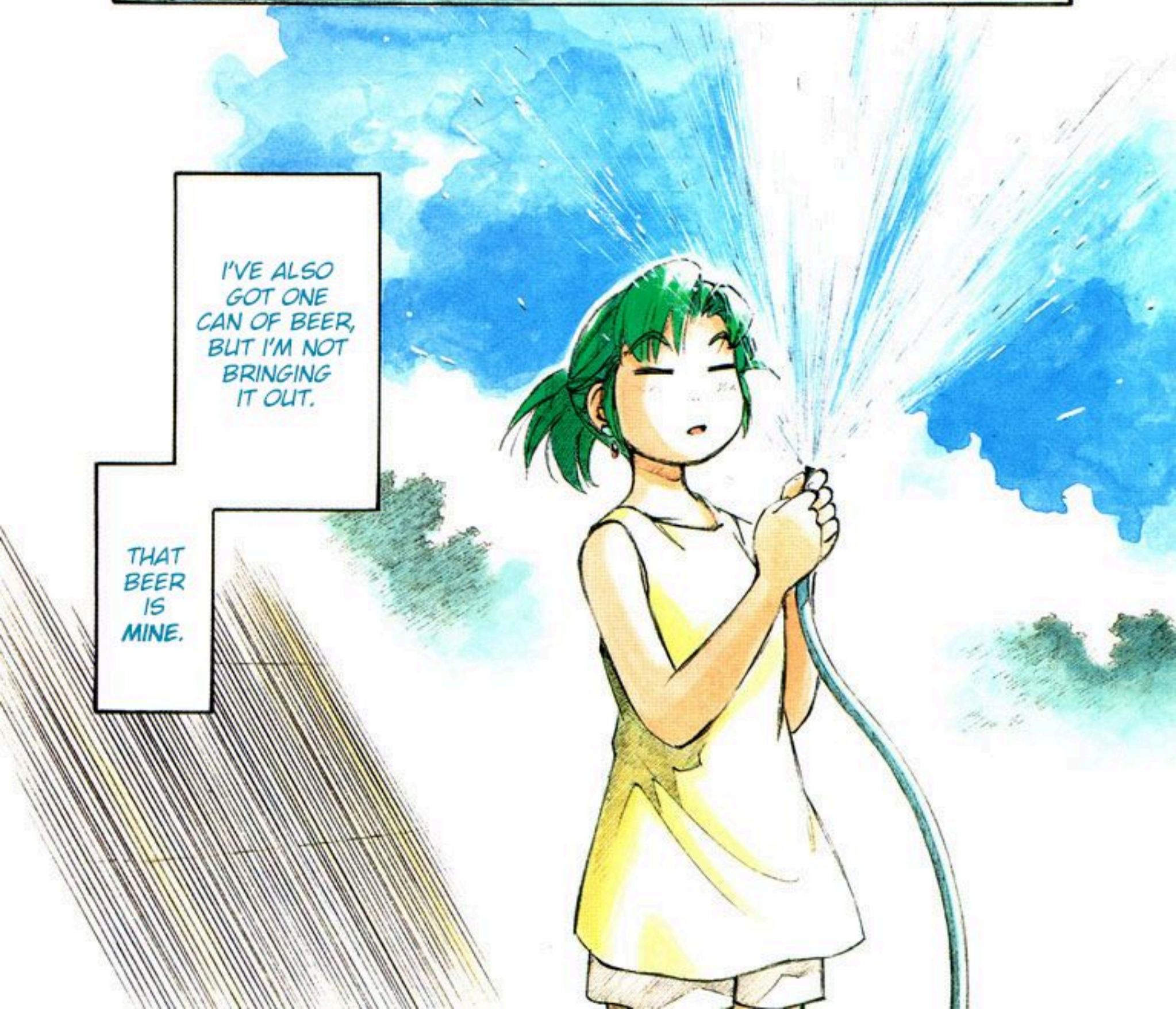
IT'S NOT
MUCH OF
A MENU
FOR A
CAFE.

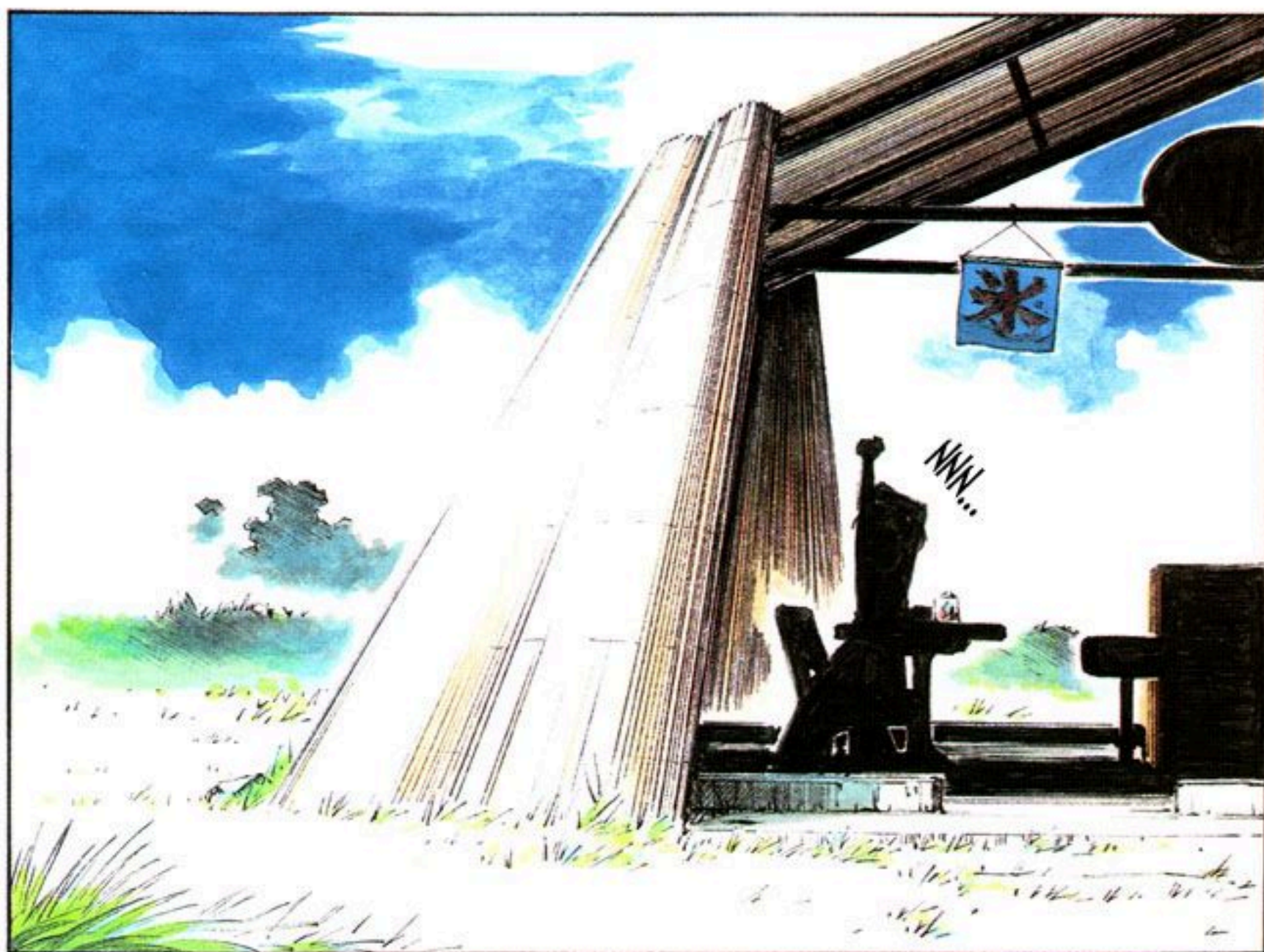
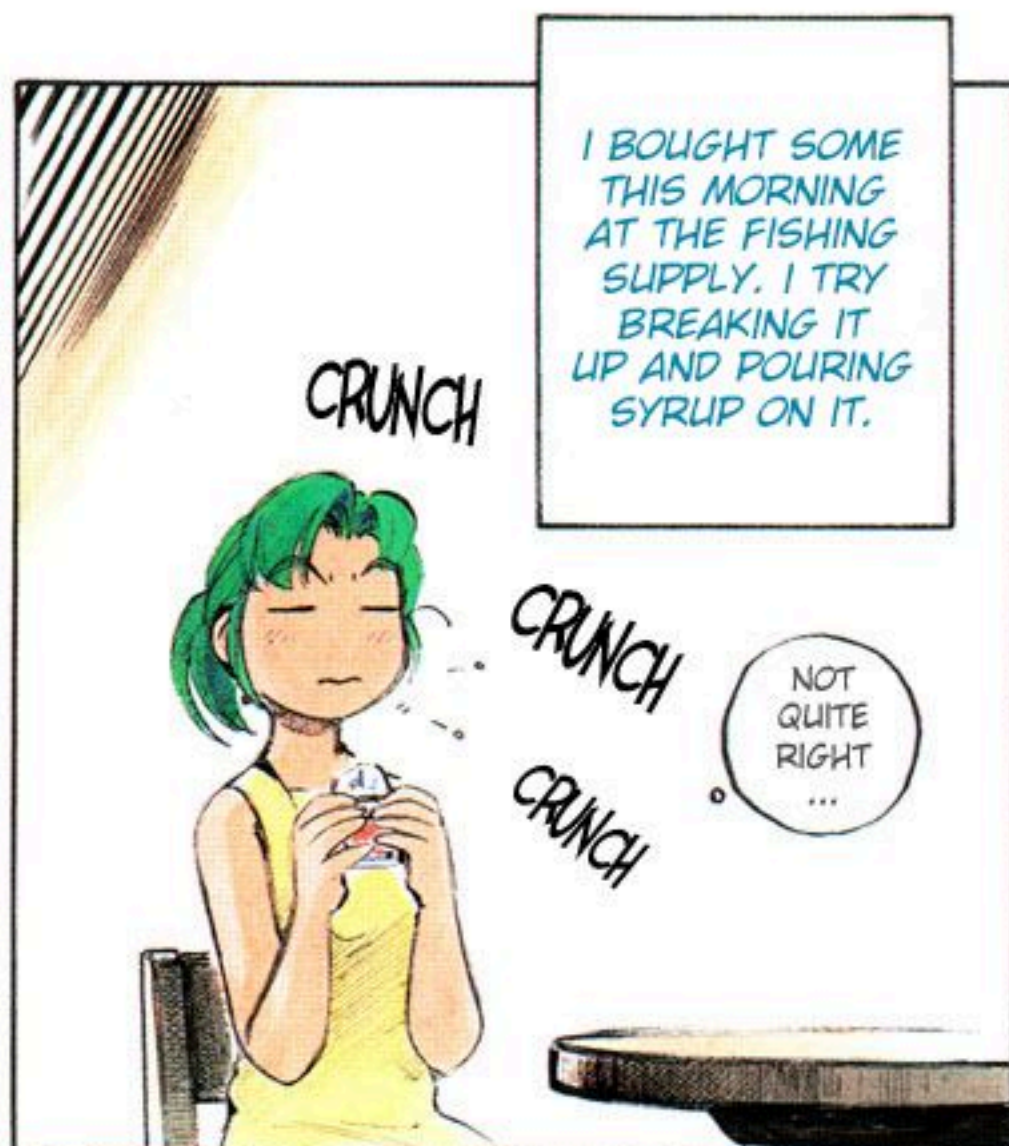
IN ADDITION TO
TEA, I HAVE
SOME PICKLED
CUCUMBERS
AND SOME
TOMATOES.

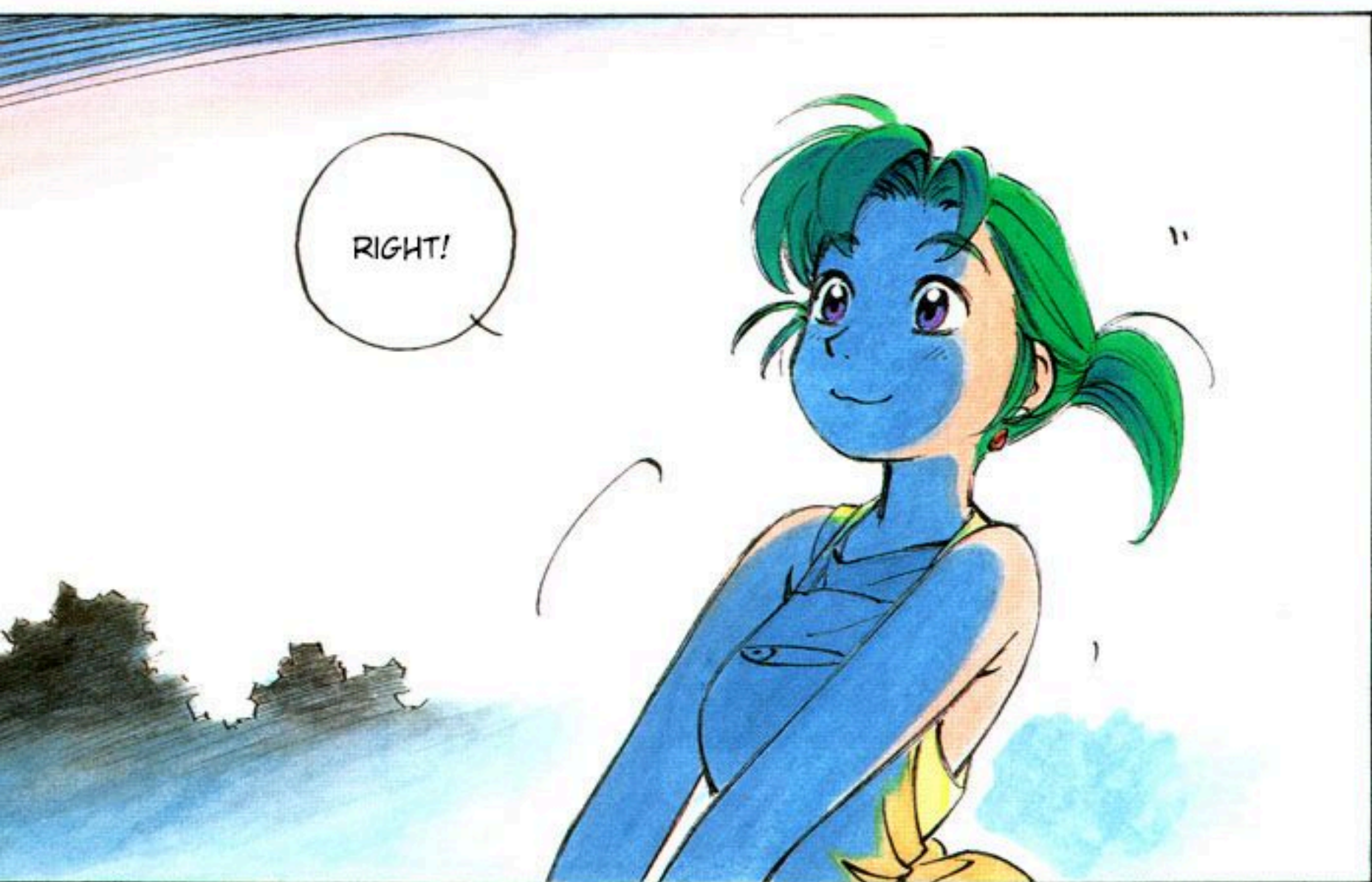
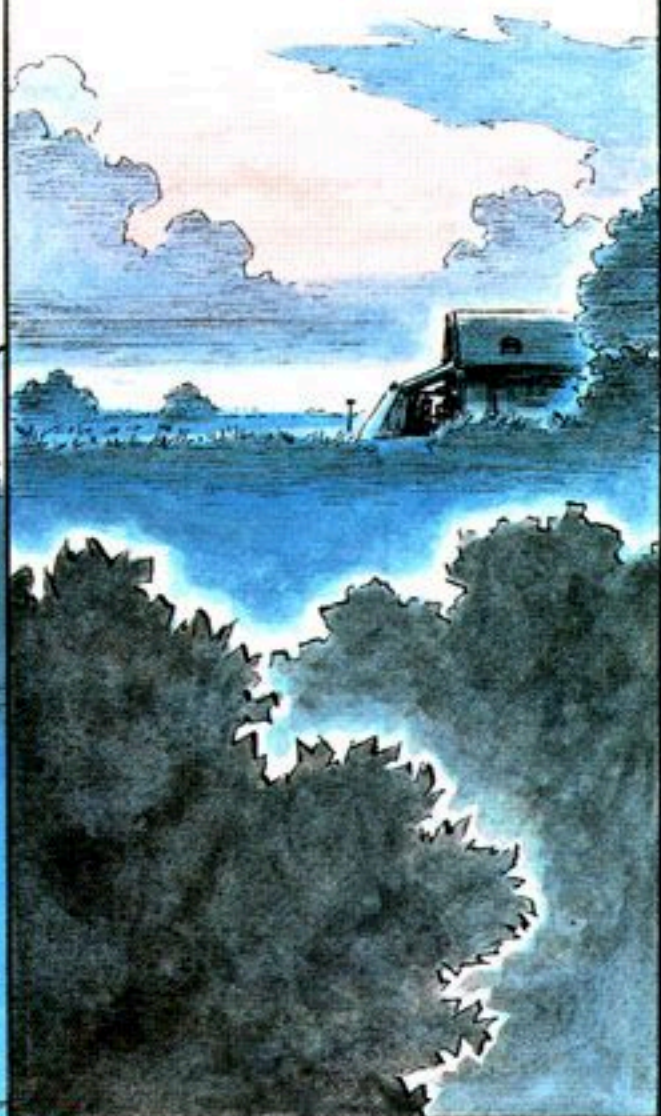


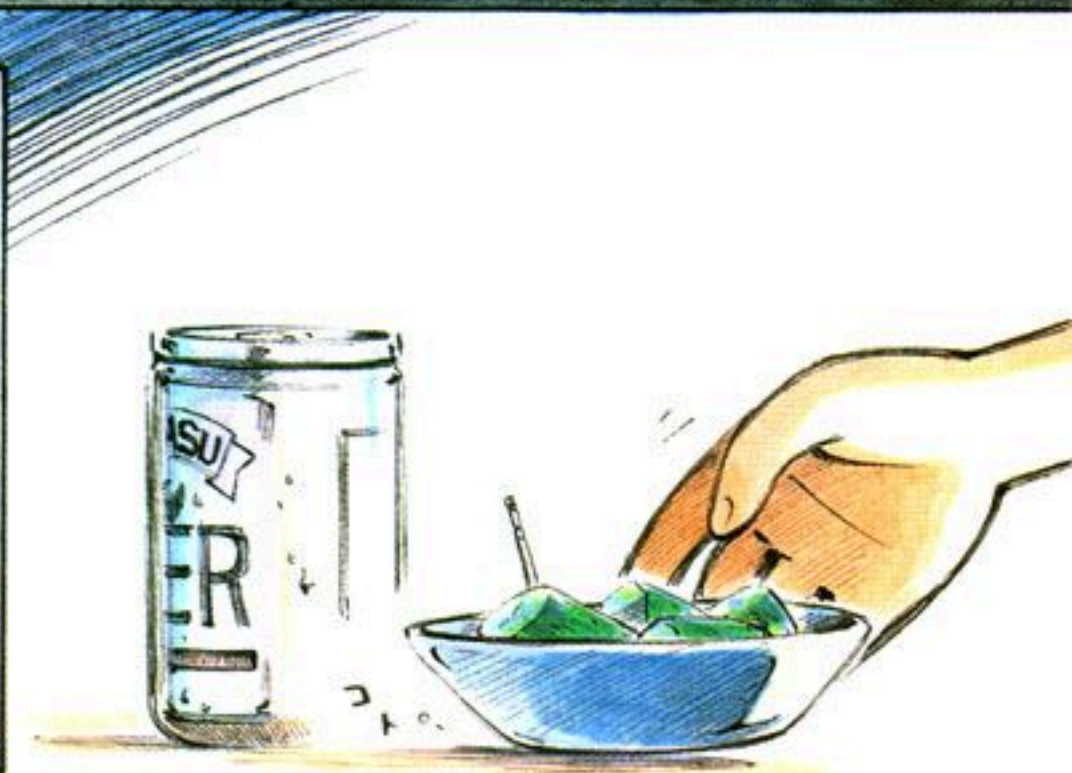
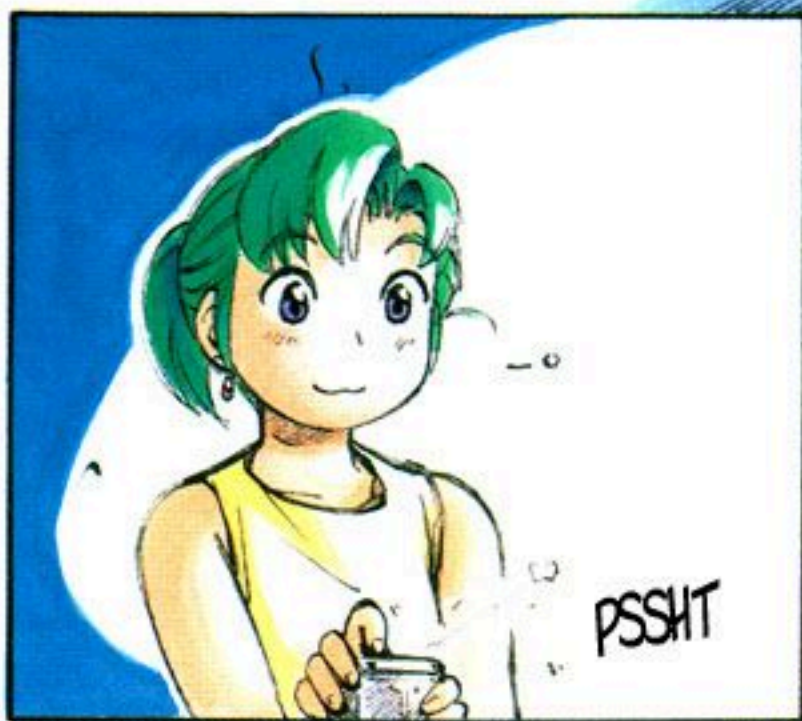
I'VE ALSO
GOT ONE
CAN OF BEER,
BUT I'M NOT
BRINGING
IT OUT.

THAT
BEER
IS
MINE.





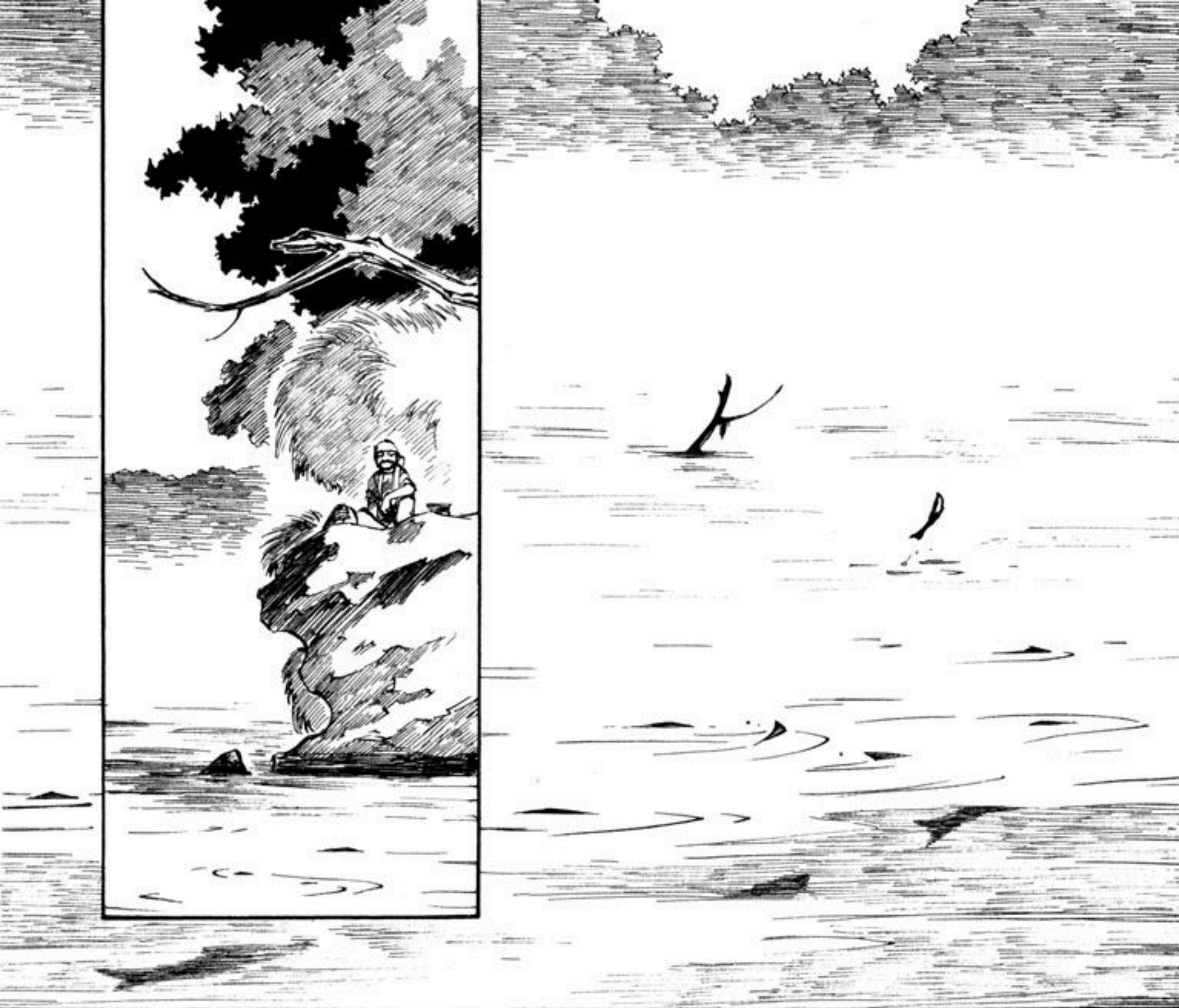




Story 87

People of the Bay











SFX: <RUSTLE>

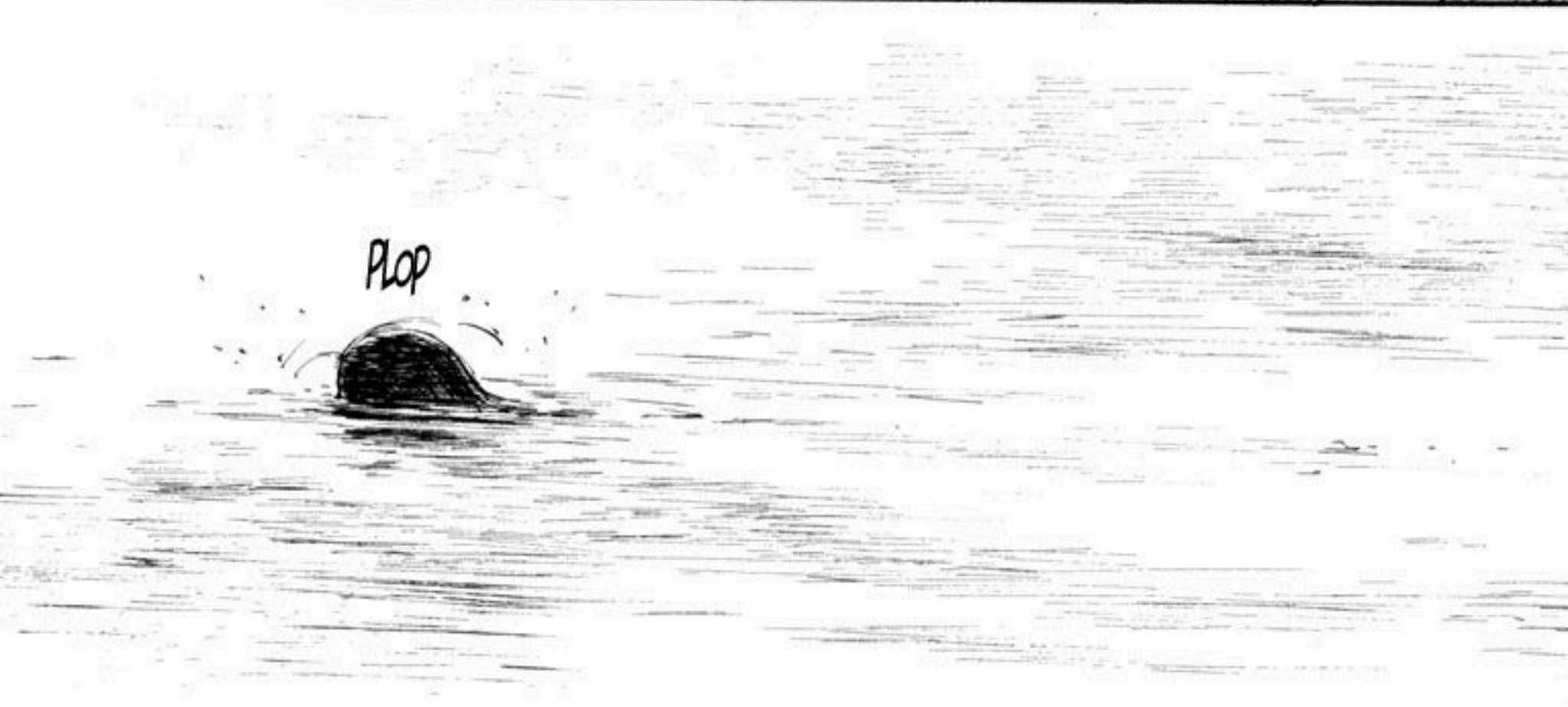




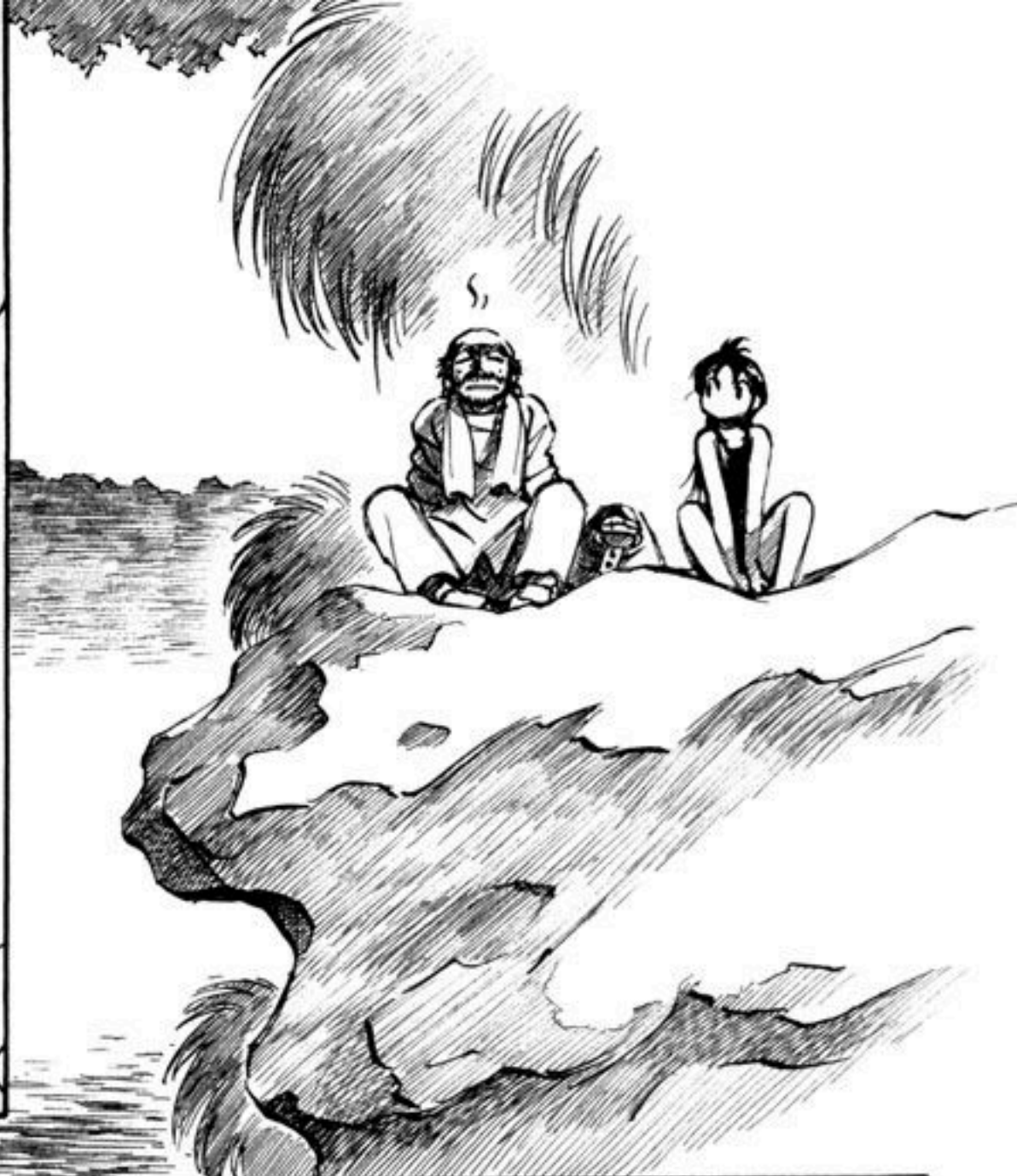
SASH



Plop











YOU'VE
SEEN HER
TOO?

...HUH?
"LIKE
THIS."



WELL...

IF I
STAND
LIKE
THIS...

DO I
LOOK
LIKE
HER?



IT WAS
A LONG
TIME AGO...
I'VE FOR-
GOTTEN.

I
DUNNO.



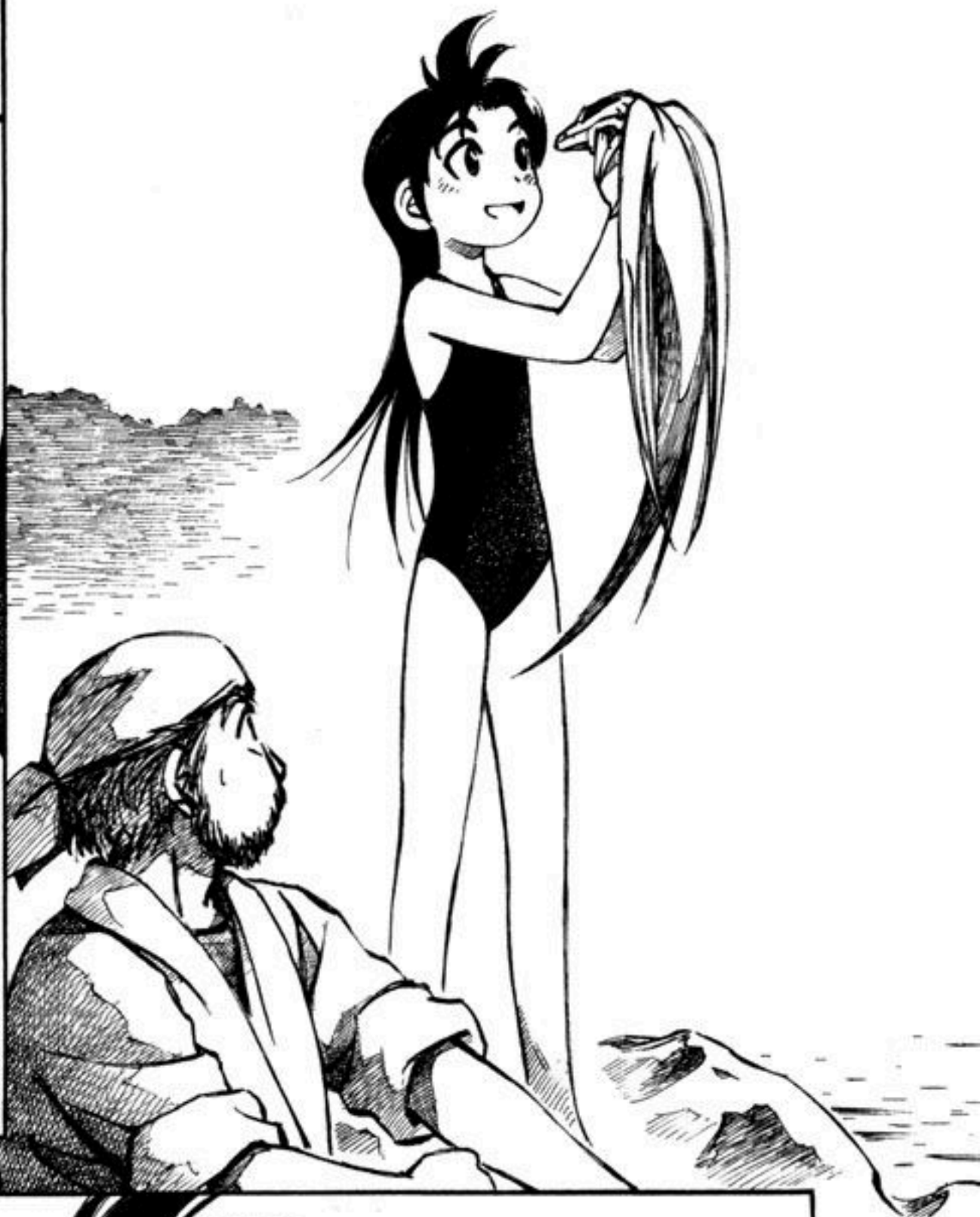
TWICE...
WHEN?

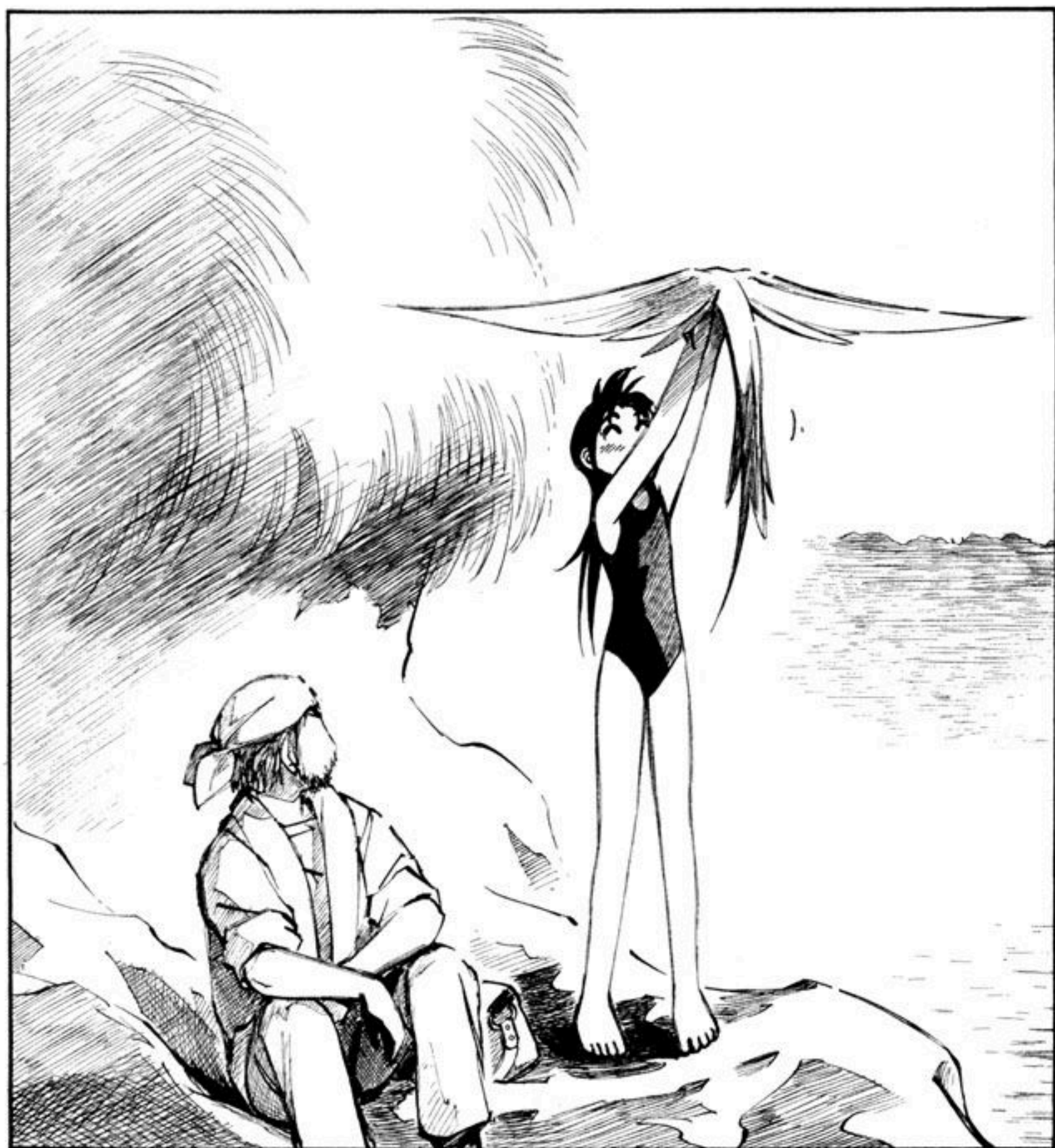
THE
MISAGO?
MAYBE
TWICE.





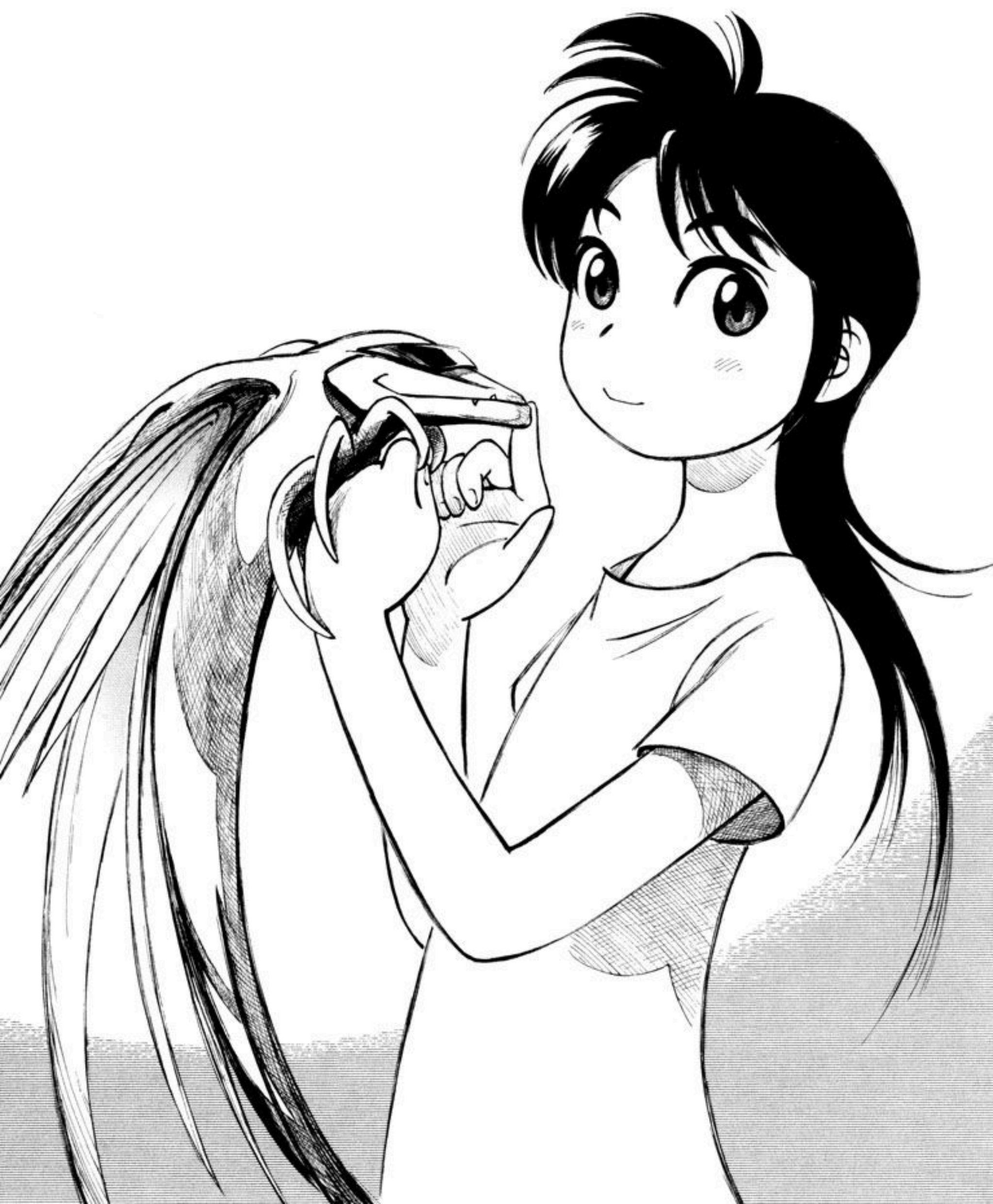






Story 88

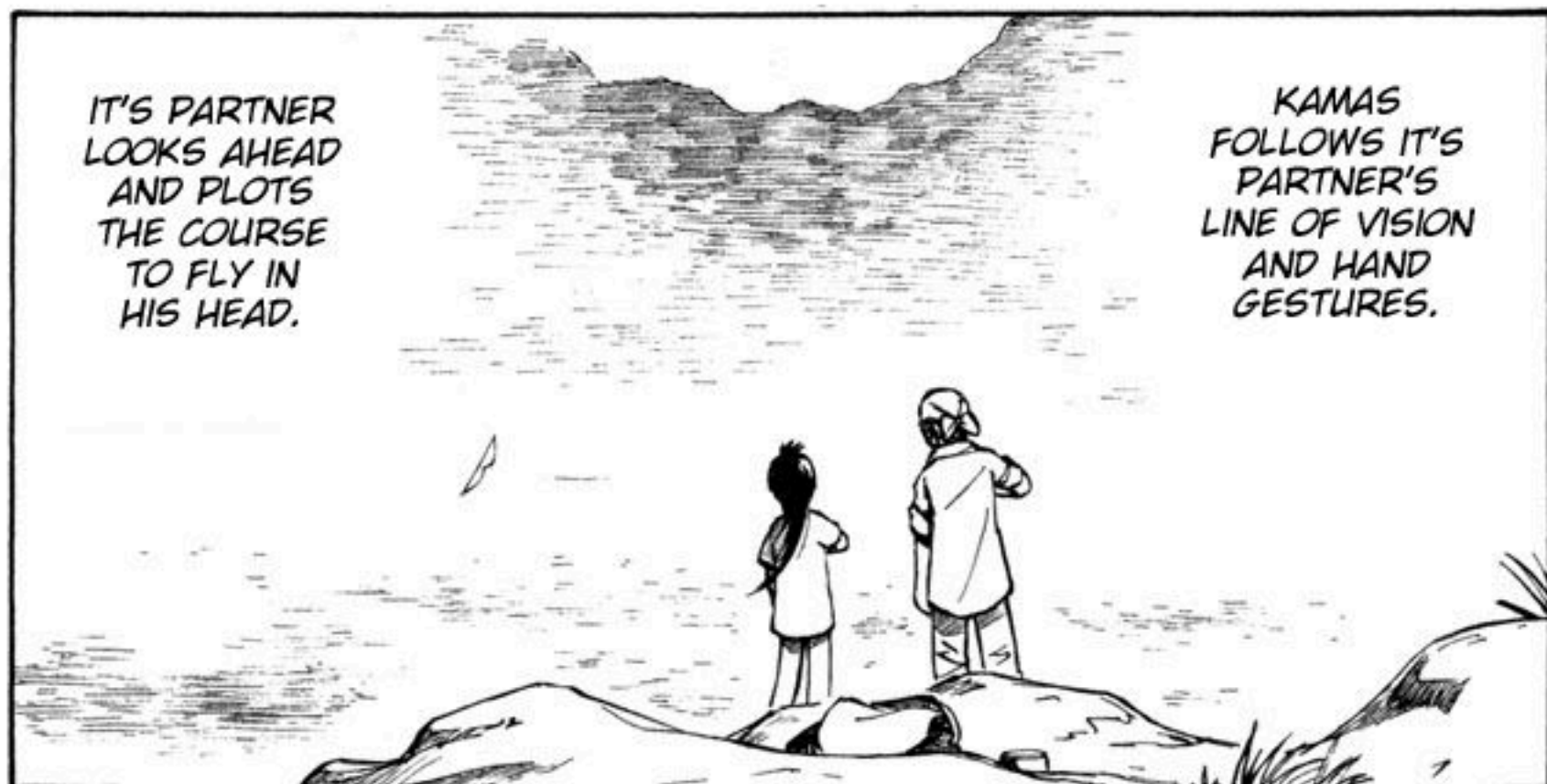
Southern Flyer Kamas





IT'S PARTNER
LOOKS AHEAD
AND PLOTS
THE COURSE
TO FLY IN
HIS HEAD.

KAMAS
FOLLOWS IT'S
PARTNER'S
LINE OF VISION
AND HAND
GESTURES.



RIGHT...

I GET IT.
SO YOU
DO THIS...



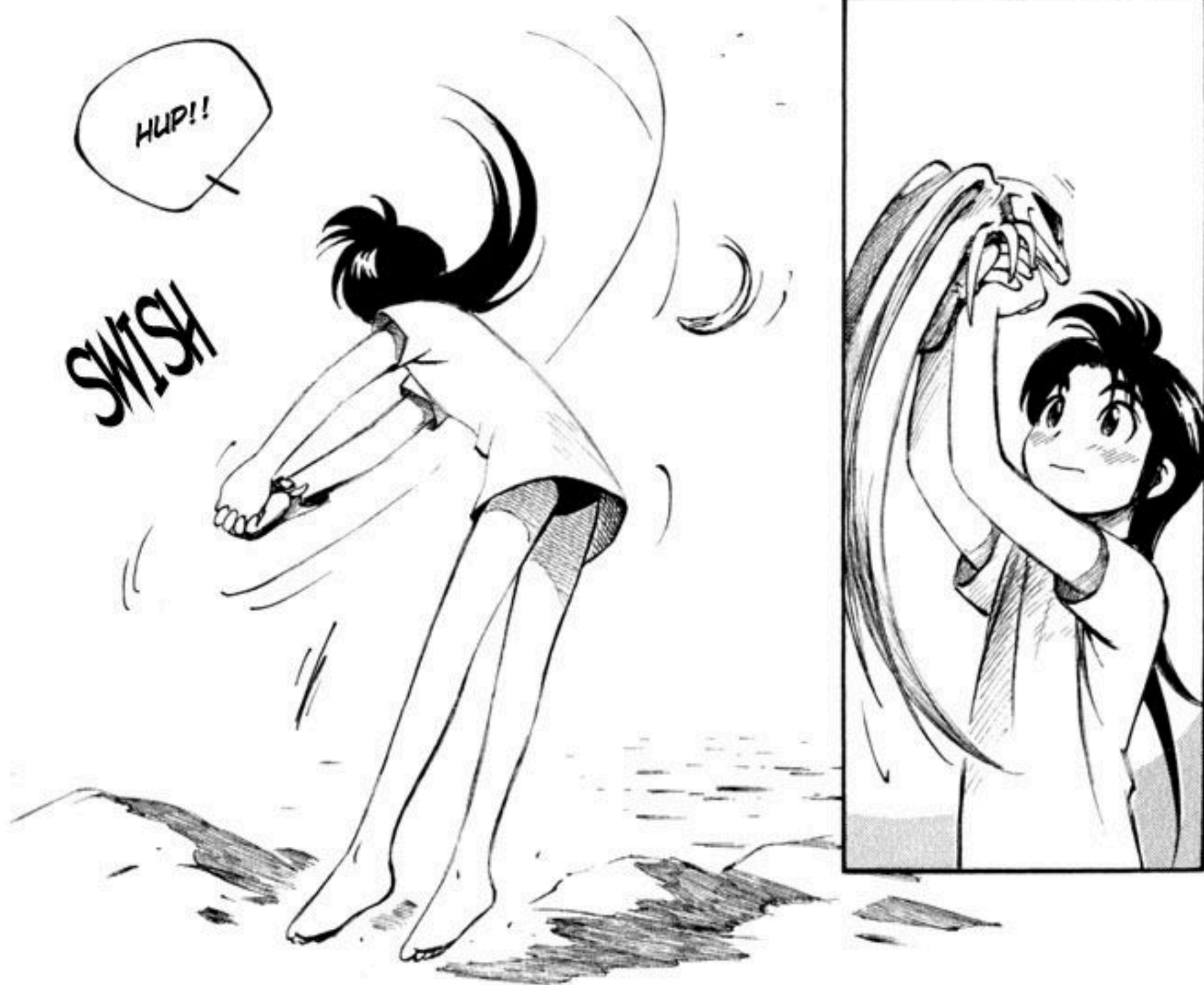
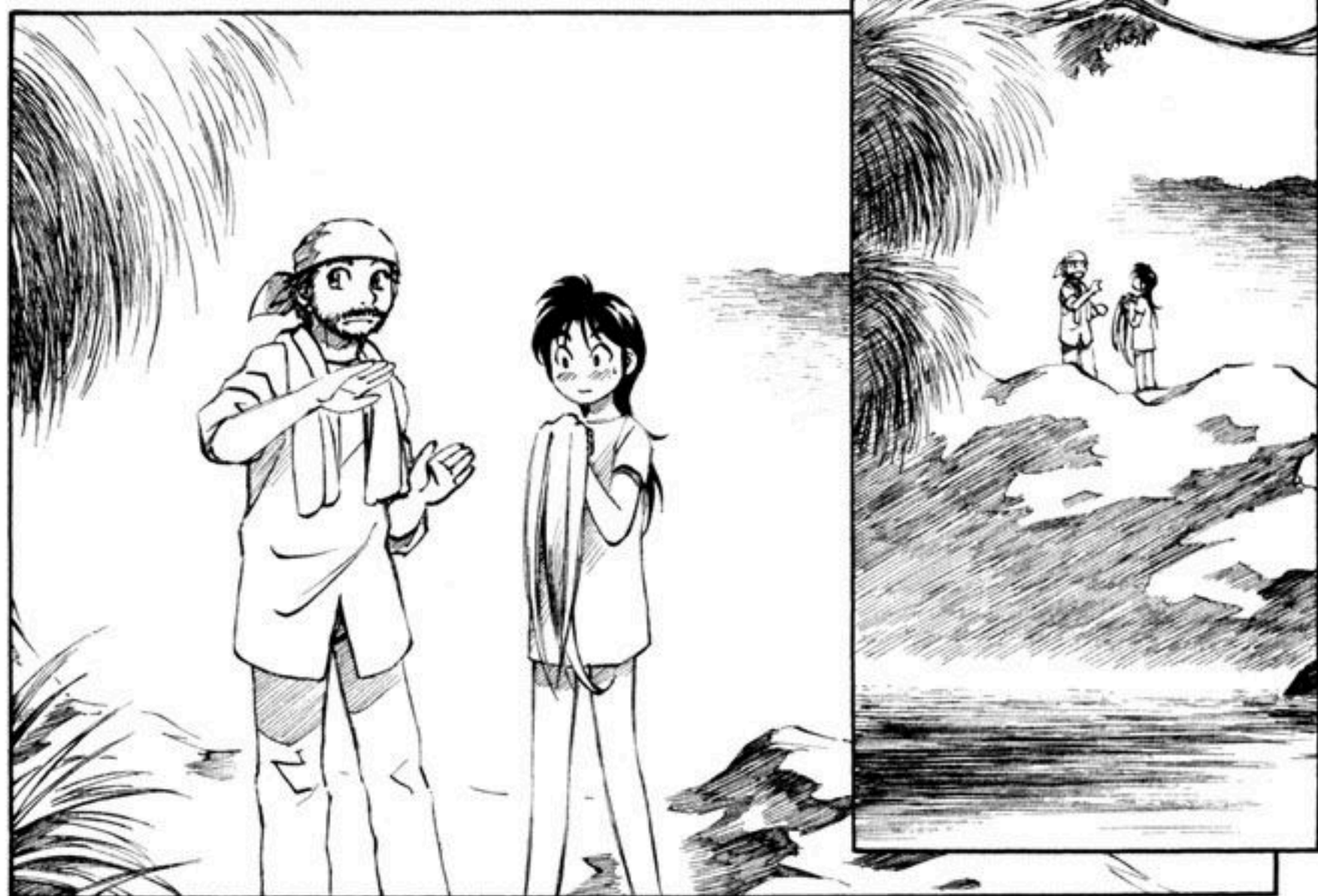
THAT'S
ODD.
KAMAS
LOOKS
OFF
COURSE.



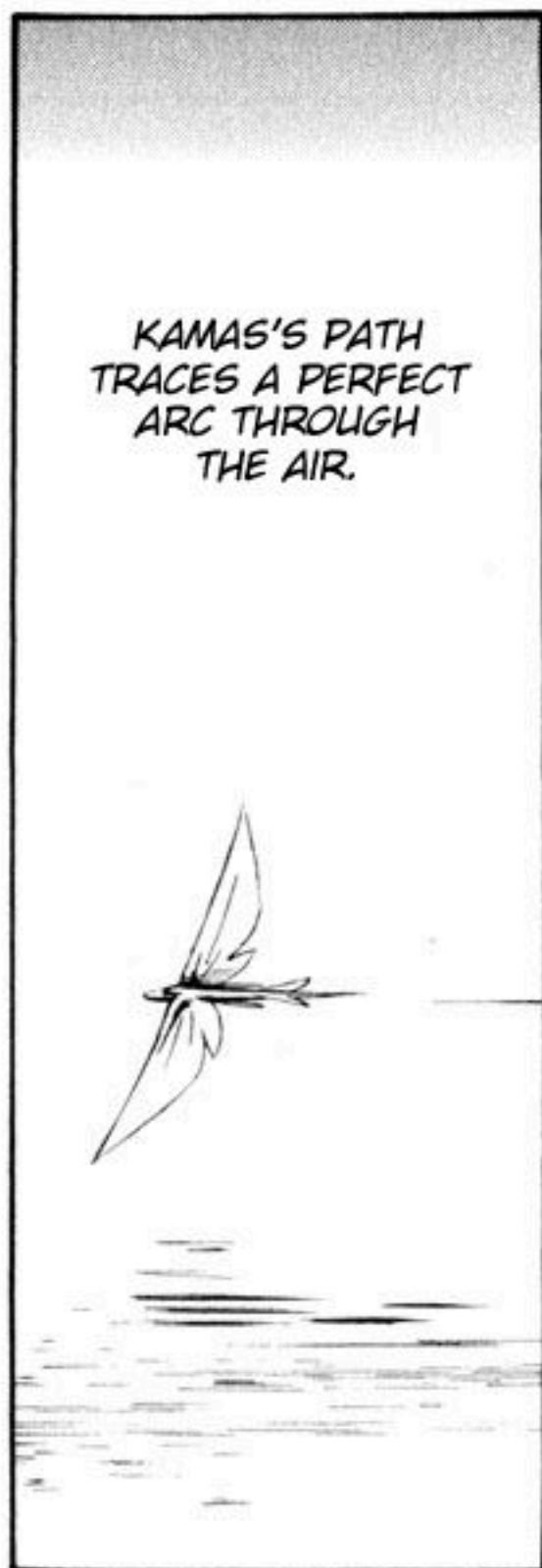


SFX: <WHISH>





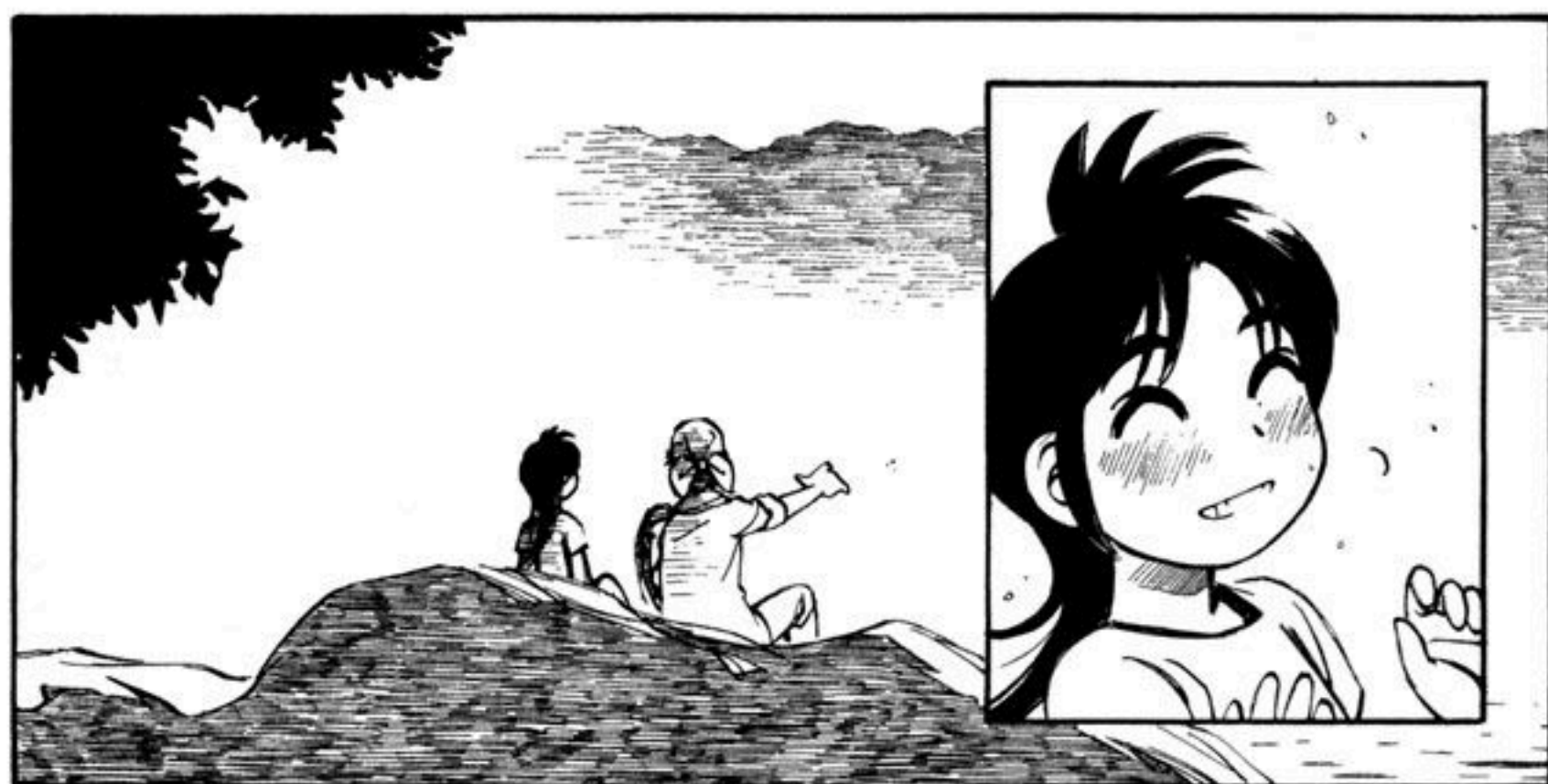
KAMAS'S PATH
TRACES A PERFECT
ARC THROUGH
THE AIR.



MAKKI'S EYES READ
THE DIRECTION OF
FLIGHT PERFECTLY.

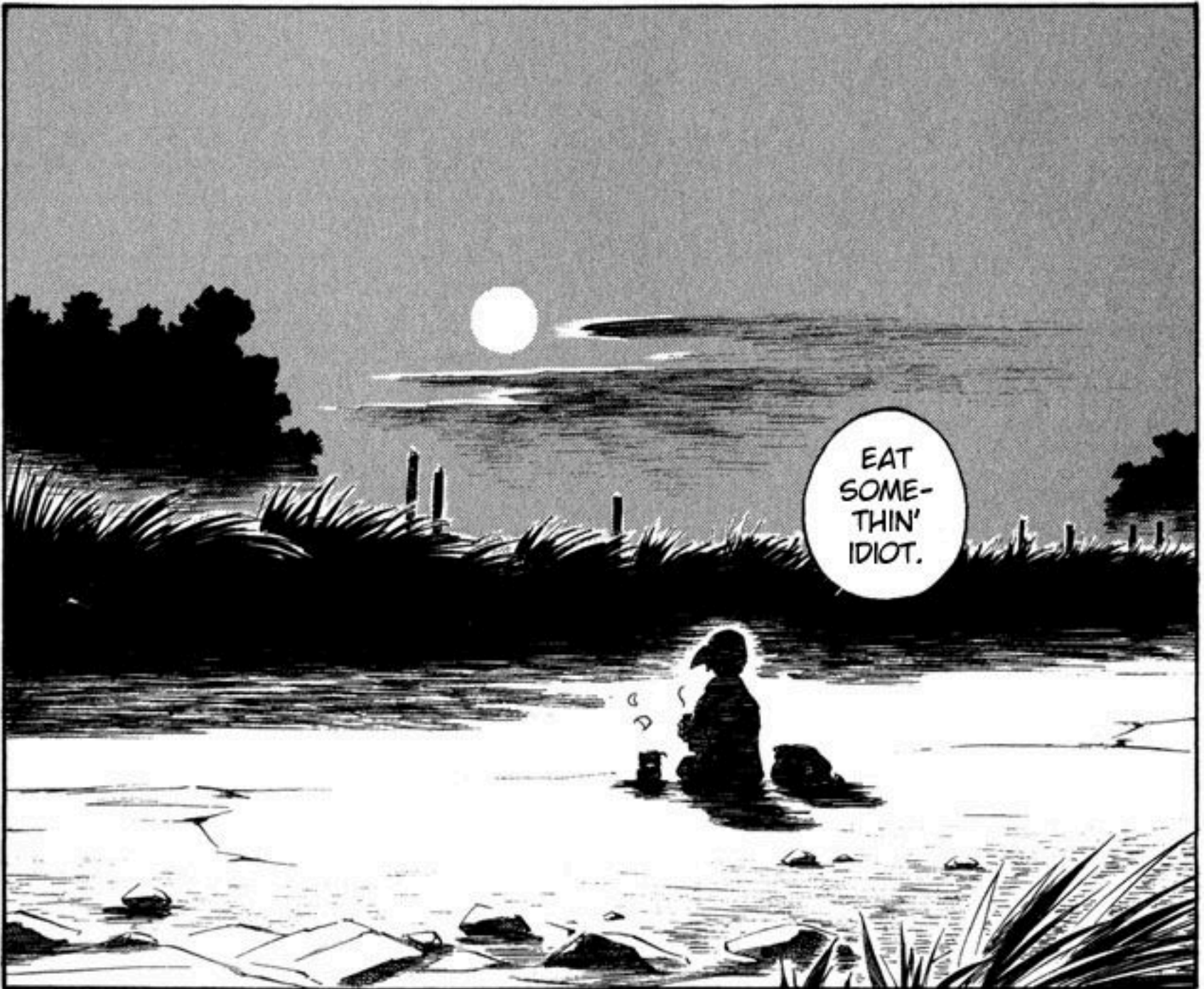


















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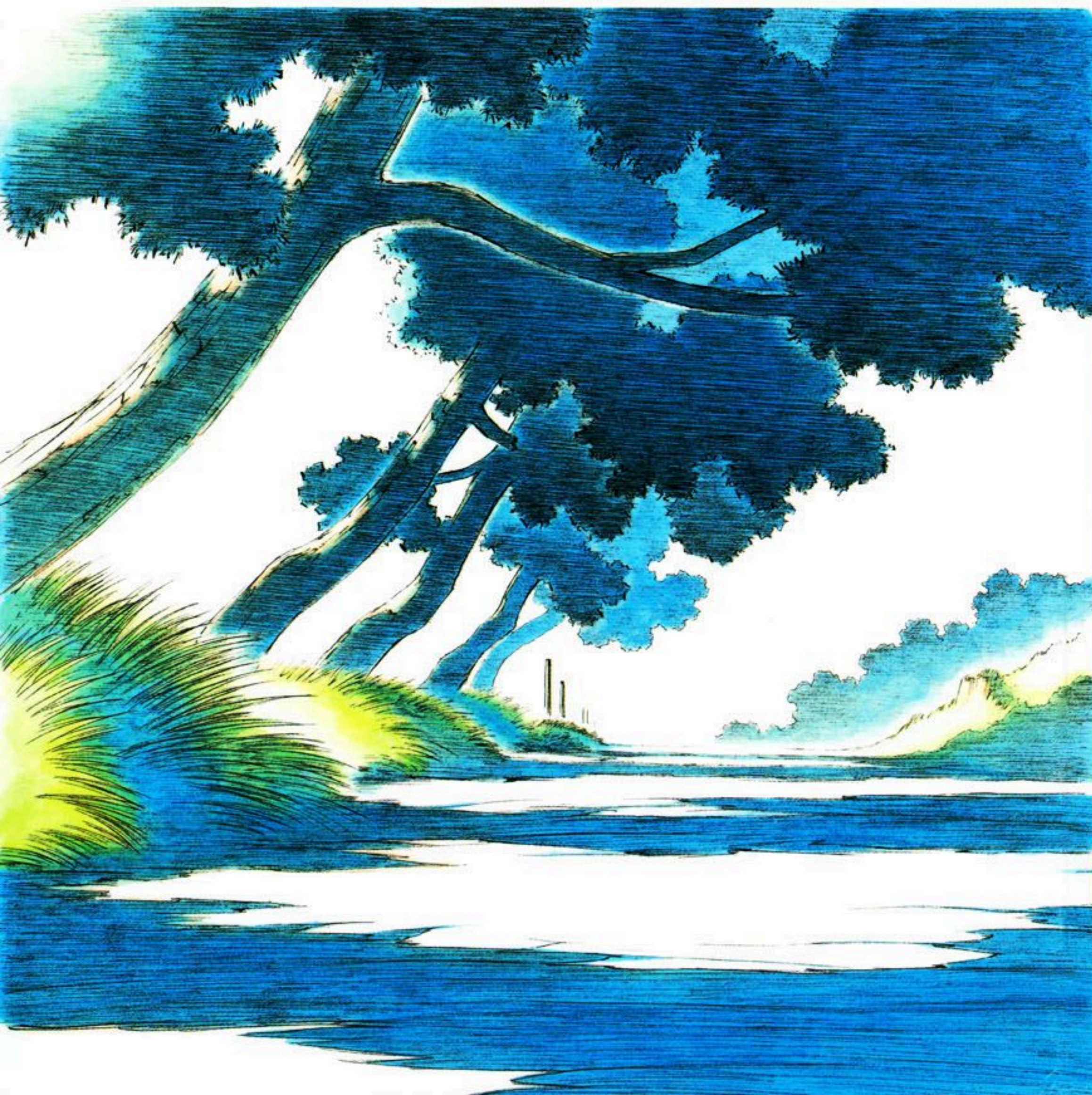
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Misago's

"Someday I'll see that child again..."

